

DELL
04075

FREE
GIANT
POSTER:

AMERICA'S SACRED COW

SEE
INSIDE
COVER

IS GOING
ON HERE!



SOMETHING
FUNNY

CRACKED

**BON
VOYAGE**

**S.S. POSEIDON
SAILING TODAY**

**BON
VOYAGE**

No. 111
SEPTEMBER

**ONLY
40c**



IN THIS ISSUE:

**SAIL WITH US AS WE RESINK
THE POSEIDON!**

AMERICA'S \$ACRED



CRACKED

THE WORLD'S
HUMOREST
FUNNY
MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

No. 111

WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

ROBERT C. SPROUL, *editor and publisher*

JOE CATALANO, GEORGE GLADIR,
C. IRVING, *writers*
JOHN SEVERIN, BILL WARD,
DON OREHEK, BERNARD BAILY,
CHARLES RODRIGUES, DICK WRIGHT,
LO LINKERT, *artists*
STU UTTER, *proofreader*
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, *janitor*

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FREE BONUS POSTER!

Carefully detach complete cover at
staples and poster is ready for hanging!

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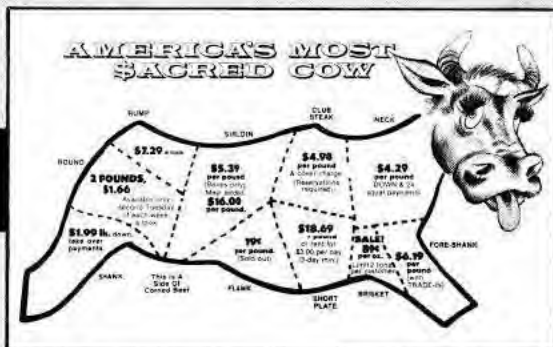
SHUT-UPS

Open laughter 50

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Either Sylvester P. has E.S.P. or our artist has seen the movie. He seems to know something that his fellow voyagers don't. Bon Voyage!



LETTUCE from our Readers



NOTICE TO CERTAIN CRACKED LETTER WRITERS:

Okay! You guys know who you are! Your letters have been sent to the United States Postal Service to be investigated!

You and your mates down under ought to enjoy our "Pervin' Adventure" in this issue. By the way, why did you write your letter upside down?

Alan,
Warilla, Australia

Alan Guthrie
Warilla, Australia
mazines are beaut too."
cobbers, me mates reckon your
"stone the koalas and kangaroos,
up your great mazine and
Australia could soon be in. Keep
America is in and the trouble
it truly highlights the trouble
agine is the best being published.
mazines. I think that your maz-
tralia, we get your weird Yank
Even way down here in Aus-
Dear Editor,



Dear Sirs:
How can you be so mean to

Sylvester P. Smythe? I mean, if he doesn't clean up, who will?

Jeff Levin
Stowe, Vermont

Dear Jeff,

We saw that sneer in your voice. You're right, but EVERYBODY has to do some cleaning up. Besides, who says we're mean to Sylvester? We're giving him free room and board in our mazine, which is more than he'd get elsewhere. It's a good thing we cleaned up your letter before we printed it!

Dear CRACKED:

I am crazy about your magazine. It's very funny. How many years has CRACKED been out?

Anthony Frisella
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Anthony,

CRACKED has never been "out". It has been "in" for 15 years!

Dear CRACKED:

Congratulations on the Chicken Soap issue. My special comment is about your special vampires. How true about St. Petersburg, Florida. I live in Seminole, Fla., right next to St. Pete. You sure would have a tough time giving away free CRACKED magazines to anyone who could spot someone under 40 on a cruise through St. Petersburg.

R. Yanz
Seminole, Fla.

Dear R.

We know where the young people are in St. Petersburg. But we're not going to tell where he is!

Dear CRACKED:

Your May issue (108) contained a foolish error. On page five, under statement of ownership, management and circulation, you wrote "Title of publication: Cracked Magazine." Note the "magazine". On your cover, however, it reads: "Cracked Mazine". Which is which? All you people who say you like CRACKED Mag are wrong. You like CRACKED Maz.

Steve Stevens
World-Reknown Critic
Benson, N.C.

Dear Steve Stenevs,

You are absolutely right! But where is your sense of hurom?

Dear Cracked,

My mother bought me my first issue of your magazine three days after I ran my foot through a power lawn mower, thus receiving a ride in an ambulance and 17 stitches in my right foot. Your mag is stupendous! I laughed so hard I just forgot about the pain in my foot.

Mike Quigley
Auburn, N.Y.

Dear Mike,

Thank you for your cutting remarks.

Dear CRACKED,

I really like your mazine, but there's one thing bothering me. In the story of the Candidaze, there's this fat guy whose face is never shown. Is he Fat Albert, Porky Pig or Howard Hughes?

Tom Amyotte
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Dear Tom,

You guessed it!

Dear Klutz,

I know all too well what is funny and what is not. And your mazine is far from it. I got an issue and not one article made me laugh, except a slight grin in your "Industrial King" article.

Ken Wiebe
Bogota, Colombia, South America

Dear Ken,

You should have seen the guys in the office when we read your letter. We all just CRACKED up! What a sense of humor!

Dear CRACKED,

I've been reading your magazine for the past few years and feel you have the best magazine on the market. I read that you are going to put out CRACKED in paperback. I hope this is true.

Greg Cooper
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Greg,

"Get Me CRACKED" is now on the rack. If you can't find it there, write to CRACKED, 235 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003. Send 75 ¢, plus 25 ¢ for handling.

Dear Cracked:

Your back cover on issue #108 was very funny. It CRACKED me up . . . but it didn't Crack up my mother. She said I had to eat whatever was in the can I pasted the label on. How would you feel, eating a can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce that had a soap label on it?

Mark Smith
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Mark,

At least you aren't a dirty chicken anymore!



Dear CRACKED:

I really liked your satire on Joe Columbo. Do you know how I can get his autograph?

Richard M. Noxin
Fontana, California

Dear Richard,

We had so many requests for Columbo's autograph, we decided to get it for all of our readers. Here it is . . .



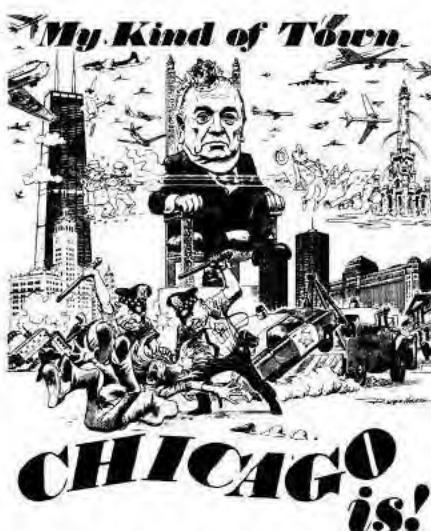
:rotidE dekcarC read

Rouyenigazam si bmud, citoidi, yzarc, elbanosaernu, sselesnes, lanoitarri, yllis, drusba dna soulucidir. S'ti a laer doog enigazam.

Ruoy lap,
miJ mukaoY
orobsneerG, C.N.

Dear Mij,

We noticed several typographical errors in your letter. You'll be relieved to know we've sent your name to the C.N. Fund for the Relief of Backward Persons. (Didn't think we'd catch ti, did uoy?)



CRACKED Magazine,

As a resident of the great city of Chicago, I must write to you in protest over your one-sided and exaggerated presentation on our city in CRACKED #110. I think you should more accurately portray Chicago in a future issue.

Danny Daley
Chicago, Illinois

Danny,

You mean Chicago is worse than we thought? We would oblige you, but we're trying to keep this a family magazine!

Dear Cracked,

I think your magazine is the best. I read you every day.

Dan Bylsma
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dan,

Thank you for your daily letters. Space will not permit, however . . .

NEVER BETTER!

CRACKED

brings you a new level of entertainment!

Not only can you get the loads of laughs, free posters and all the other corny gimmicks we've offered, but now, by subscribing, you get

A CHANCE TO HARASS YOUR POSTMAN!



Your dog, Spot, will love you for it. Eight times a year the mailman will have to make an extra stop at your house! (And just think of the extra weight he'll have to carry!)

ALL OF THIS FOR \$0.20 A YEAR LESS THAN NEWSSTAND PRICE!

(We're hoping the Post Office will offer us 40¢ a year NOT to mail them.)

CRACKED SUBSCRIPTIONS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's my **THREE DOLLARS**
Please put me on your subscription list real fast. I want lots of large laughs?

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

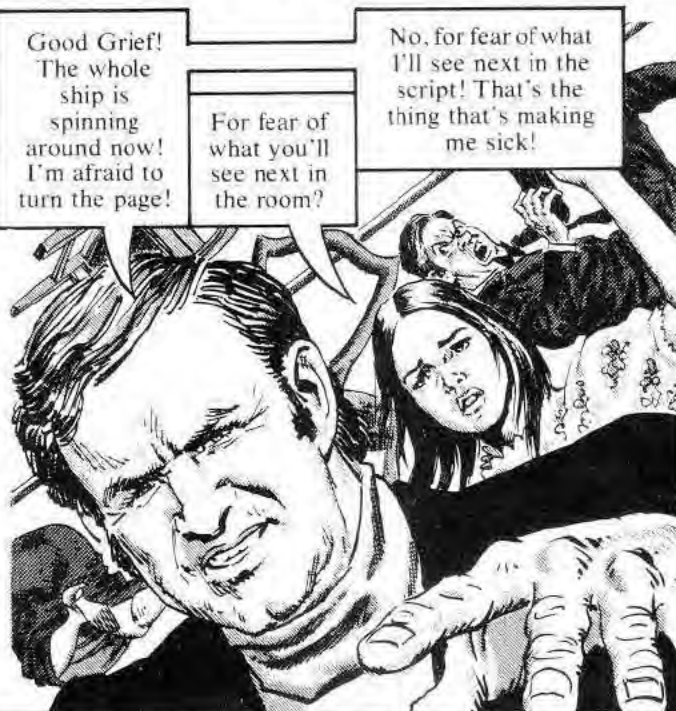
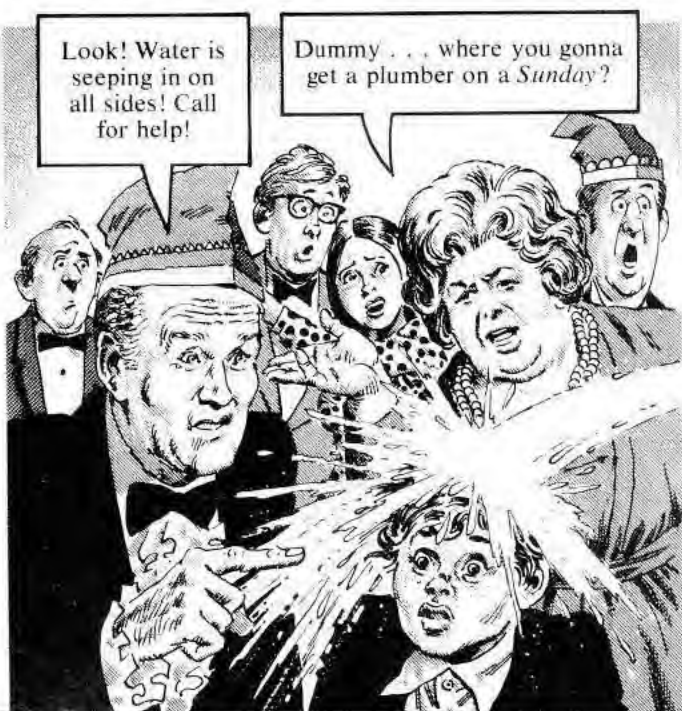
STATE ZIP

8 Issues — \$3.00. Outside U.S.A. — \$3.50

MOVIE SATIRE

Here's our takeoff of a movie that really keeps you sweating. It's a watered-up version of "Airport" . . . and much more of a handkerchief-wringer. In fact, this movie does so much to keep your juices flowing that we call it . . .

THE PERSPIRIN' ADVENTURE



UPPERCASE IS . . . means it's larger and strong it's also to read along just before the subtitle pattern in the text.



Good Lord!
The ship is
completely
upside-down
now! What'll
we do?

Simple.
Dummy . . .
just turn the
panel around!

I knew this
trip had its ups
and downs . . .
but this is
ridiculous!

We must be
turned over
. . . my
heart's in
my mouth!

Now listen everybody . . . don't panic, don't
scream, don't run and, above all . . . don't
overact! That I do . . . I'm bucking for my
second Oscar!

Which is what
the *rest* of this
hammy cast is
doing. No wonder
the boat
capsized . . . with
all the swelled
heads aboard!

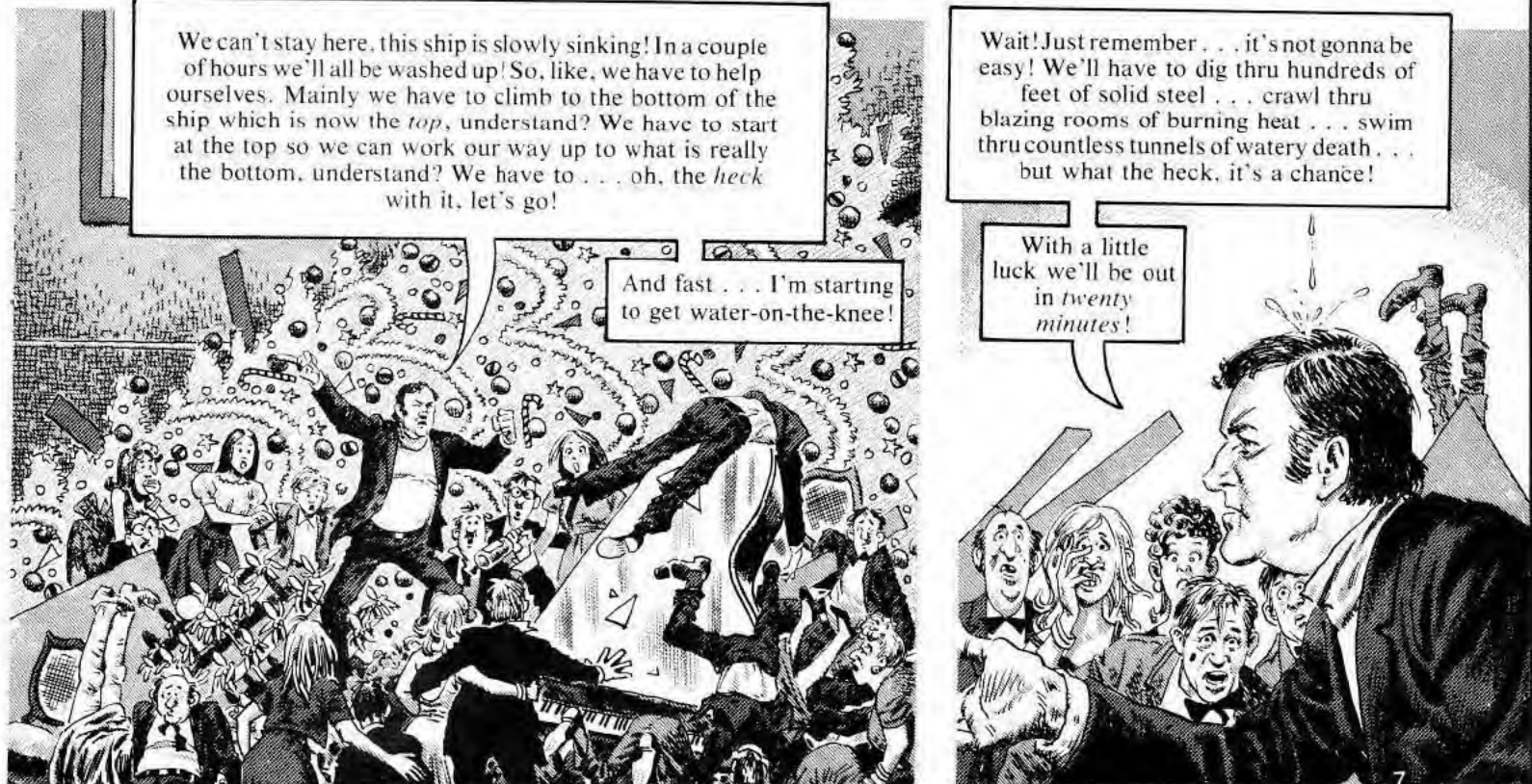
THE POST OFFICE
IS NOTHING TO
WRITE HOME
ABOUT...

We can't stay here, this ship is slowly sinking! In a couple
of hours we'll all be washed up! So, like, we have to help
ourselves. Mainly we have to climb to the bottom of the
ship which is now the *top*, understand? We have to start
at the top so we can work our way up to what is really
the bottom, understand? We have to . . . oh, the *heck*
with it, let's go!

And fast . . . I'm starting
to get water-on-the-knee!

Wait! Just remember . . . it's not gonna be
easy! We'll have to dig thru hundreds of
feet of solid steel . . . crawl thru
blazing rooms of burning heat . . . swim
thru countless tunnels of watery death . . .
but what the heck, it's a chance!

With a little
luck we'll be out
in *twenty*
minutes!



I think we should stay here . . . and wait for help to come!

I tell you, there'll be no help coming . . . not if you stand on your head from today till tomorrow . . . which is exactly what you will be doing!

There's only one way to go and that's up . . . I mean down . . . I mean, we have to go down to go up . . . I mean . . . oh, what the heck, follow me!

I'm a Preacher. I'll lead you outta here like Moses led his people out of certain death! Only you'll have to do one thing for me . . .

What's that?

You'll have to walk on water, too!

Wait! Women and children first!

Who said that?

A woman and a child!

Stop with the clowning and let's go already, before I get water-on-the-knee!

I'm too (puff) fat to climb up this Christmas tree!

What would you like to climb up instead . . . Mt. Everest? Get moving!

That Shelley Winters will do *anything* to steal a scene!

Just in time! The water is closing in on those who remained. I hate to see people drown . . . so, like, I'll close my eyes!

Have to anyway! This *dampness* is clogging up my sinuses!

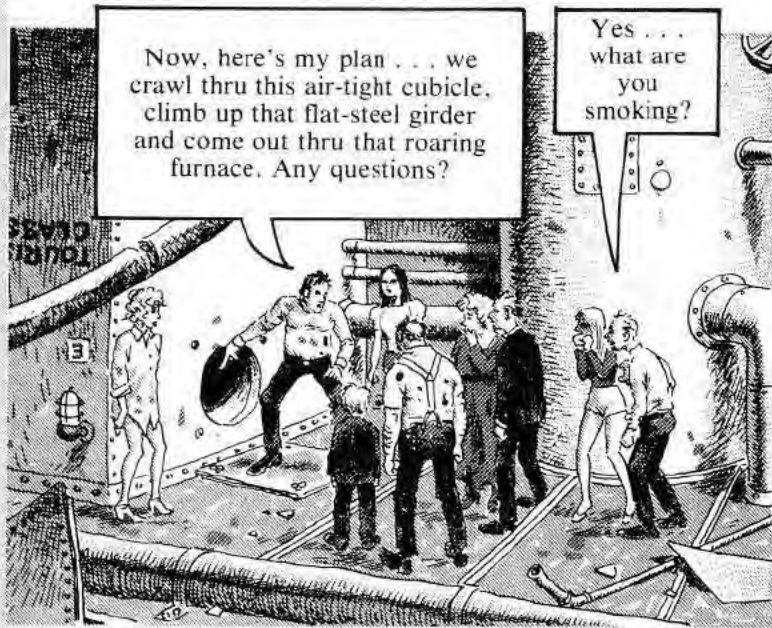
Man, what a horrible sight!

The drowning?

No, the drawing!

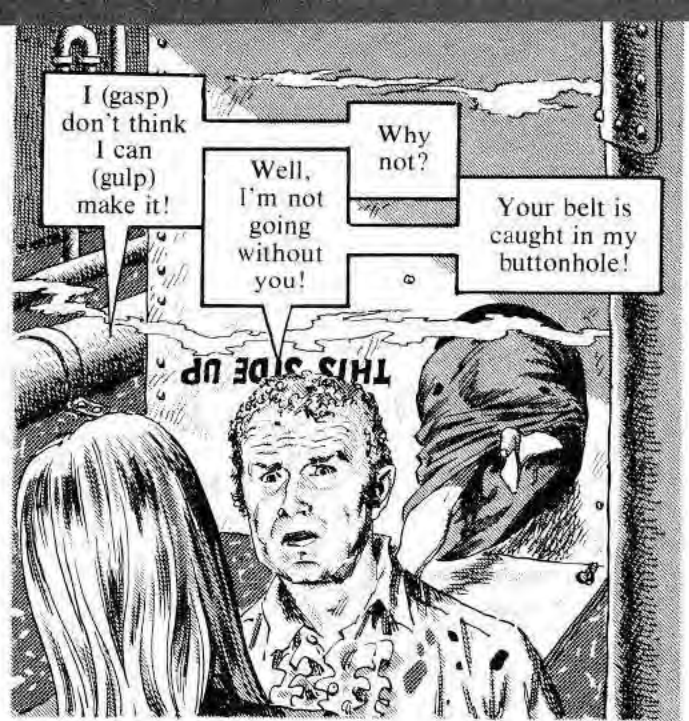
I can't bear to look at this ridiculous panel!

STEWARDS ONLY



Now, here's my plan . . . we crawl thru this air-tight cubicle, climb up that flat-steel girder and come out thru that roaring furnace. Any questions?

Yes . . . what are you smoking?

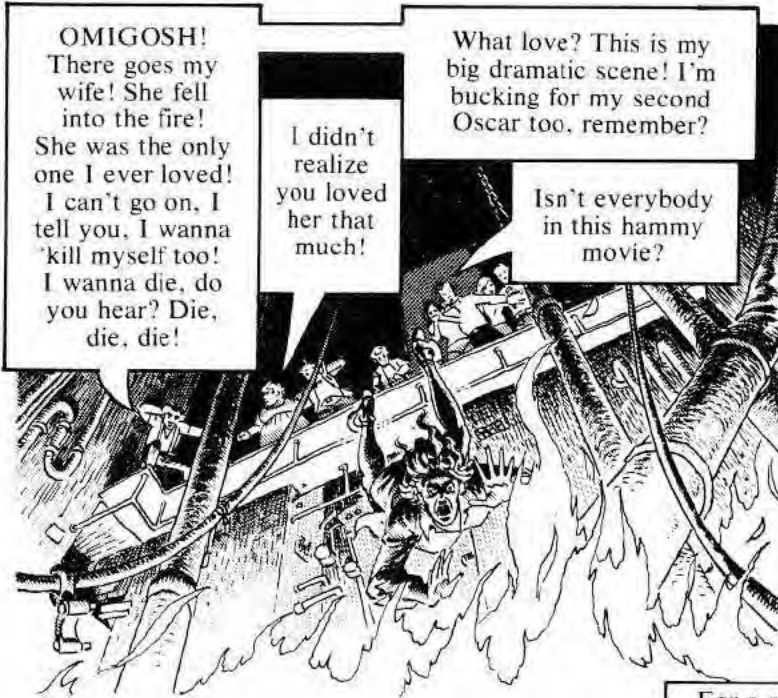


I (gasp) don't think I can (gulp) make it!

Why not?

Well, I'm not going without you!

Your belt is caught in my buttonhole!



OMIGOSH! There goes my wife! She fell into the fire! She was the only one I ever loved! I can't go on, I tell you, I wanna "kill myself too! I wanna die, do you hear? Die, die, die!

I didn't realize you loved her that much!

What love? This is my big dramatic scene! I'm bucking for my second Oscar too, remember?

Isn't everybody in this hammy movie?

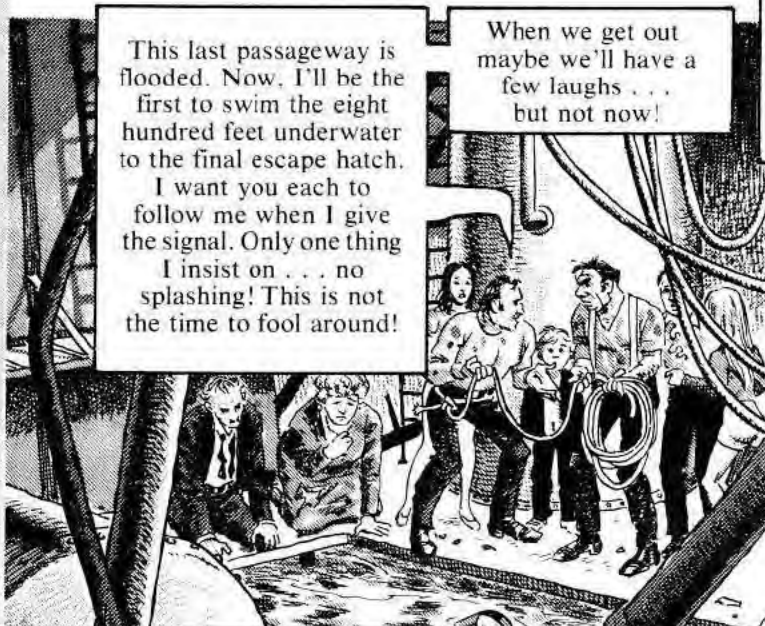
O.K., we've gone thru molten lava, burning charcoal and gaseous fumes . . . now for the hard part! For this last escape, you must each hold your breath for as long as possible!



How come?

We're going thru a lavatory!

ELECTRICIAN



This last passageway is flooded. Now, I'll be the first to swim the eight hundred feet underwater to the final escape hatch. I want you each to follow me when I give the signal. Only one thing I insist on . . . no splashing! This is not the time to fool around!

When we get out maybe we'll have a few laughs . . . but not now!

For a role like this they shoulda had Mark Spitz!

Spitz! Spitz!

Mark who?

Shut up and close your mouth when you talk!



It's been two hours and he hasn't given us the signal yet . . . I'm beginning to think something is wrong! Either that, or he met a mermaid down there!

I used to be a champion swimmer. I'll go down and see! I was able to hold my breath 6 minutes when I was 17. Or was it 17 minutes when I was 6? Oh never mind, here I go!



You're too fat for this job!

How's that?

Jump, already!

But my breath is thin!

It comes in short pants!

HI!
CRACKED!
READER!



She (puff) saved me, and now (gasp) she's dead. That was her (gulp) big moment. She too (sigh) was bucking for her second Oscar!

. . . and (ugh) any woman who puts on 65 pounds for a role like this *deserves* an award!



Well, we finally made it! Here we are at the hull of the ship and we're gonna be rescued. I hear them drilling from the outside!

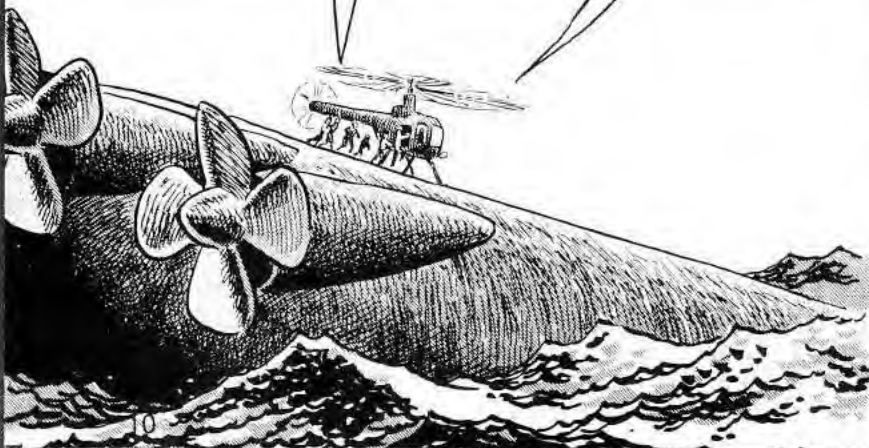
That's not drilling, that's my *knees* knocking!

That too, but I still hear drilling . . . we're about to be rescued. I knew we would be by our performances . . . only the good die young!



This helicopter will transfer us to another ship . . . a ship on which we'll finally be *safe*!

That's great! Which ship is that?



The Andrea Doria!

(ulp) I think I'm gonna be sick again!





GRACKLED FUN SHOPPE



YOU CAN BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!
Want to be well-remembered after Suzy's party?

*Next year you won't have to bring her a gift
because you will be remembered,
but not invited!*



*Offer to give
her a Hand
in the kitchen!*

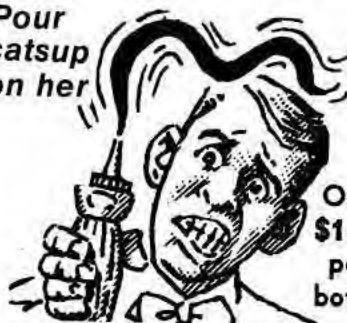
**SPOOK
HAND!**
\$2.00 Ea.

*Help clean up the table
scraps with your own
Venus Fly Trap!*



VENUS FLY TRAP
\$1.50 FOR THE WORLD'S
MOST TERRIFYING
HOUSE PLANT!

*Pour
catsup
on her*



*Only
\$1.25
per
bottle!*

NUTTY CATSUP BOTTLE

*When dish-washing time
comes, you can stun her
mother with your
Fake Faucet!*

\$2.00 Ea.



*Drop Ice Cream
on her new
carpet!*



**MELTED
ICE CREAM**
\$1.00 Ea.

HORROR HOUSE
235 Park Ave. South
New York, New York 10003

☐ I enclose an additional
25c for RUSH SHIPMENT

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

Outside U.S. & Canada please include additional 25¢ postage per item.

.....Spook Hand

.....Nutty Catsup

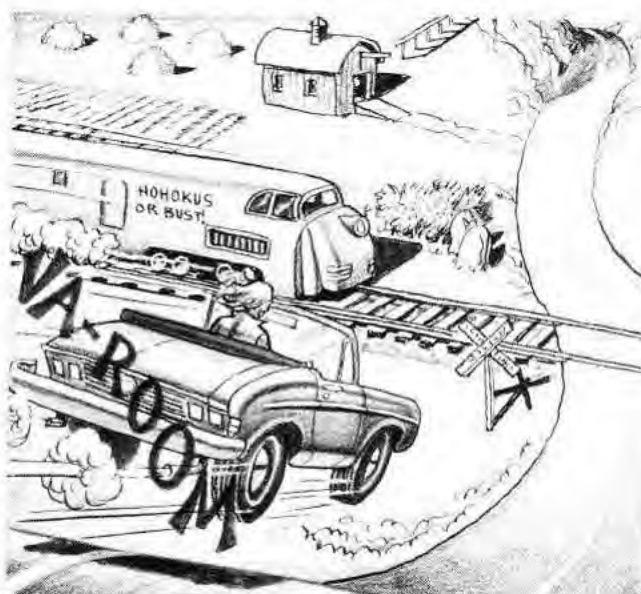
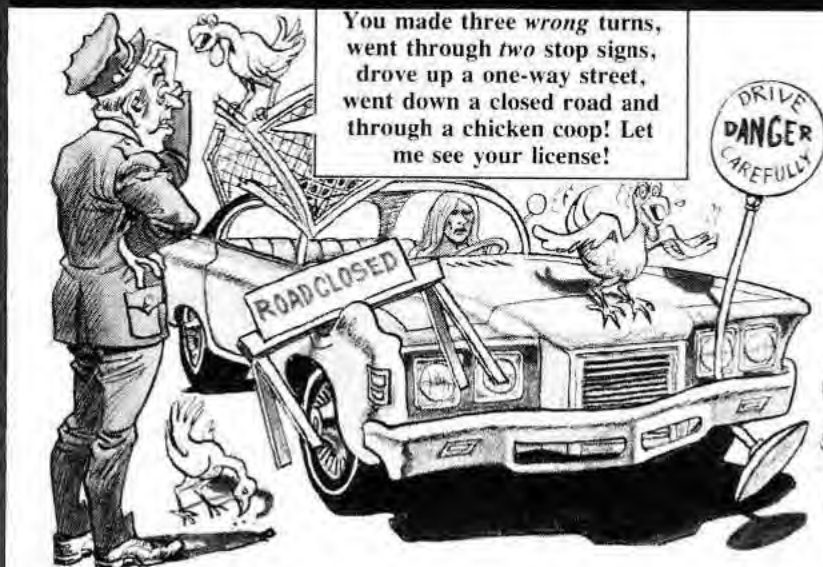
.....Venus Fly Trap

.....Melted Ice Cream

.....Fake Faucet

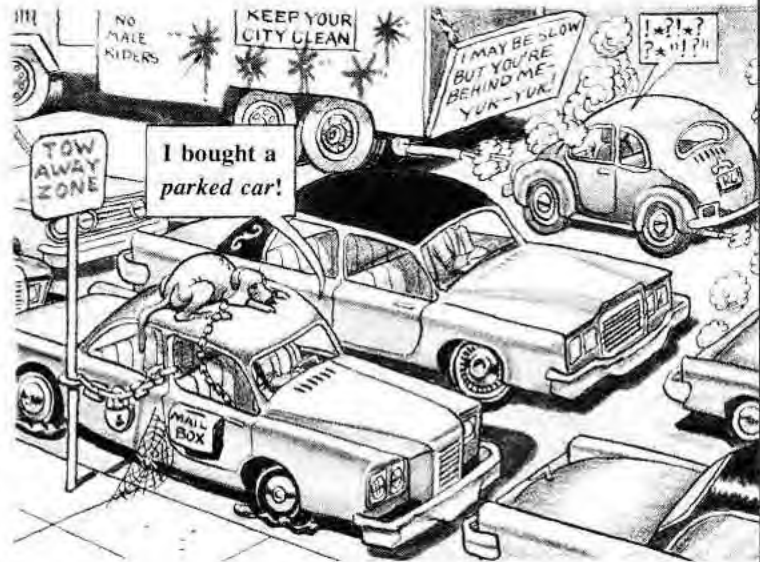
Time now for another look at a popular American institution. And this time we salute a group of people, many of whom belong in popular American institutions, as . . .

CRACKED



LOOKS AT DRIVERS

WARD

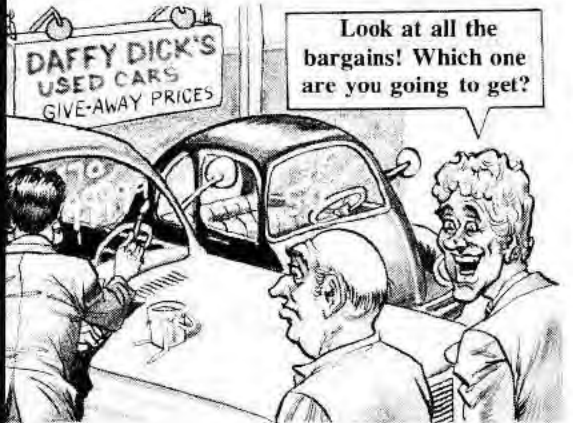




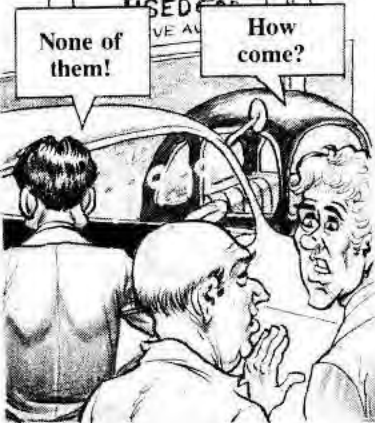
Why'd you paint your car red on one side and blue on the other? Isn't that an unusual combination?



Yes, but in case I get into an accident, it confuses the witnesses!

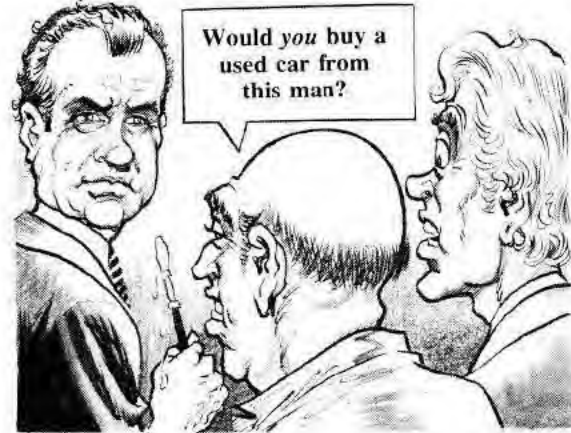


Look at all the bargains! Which one are you going to get?



None of them!

How come?



Would you buy a used car from this man?



So tell me . . . how come you shook your head for ten minutes in the car?



I had my nose caught in the windshield wiper!

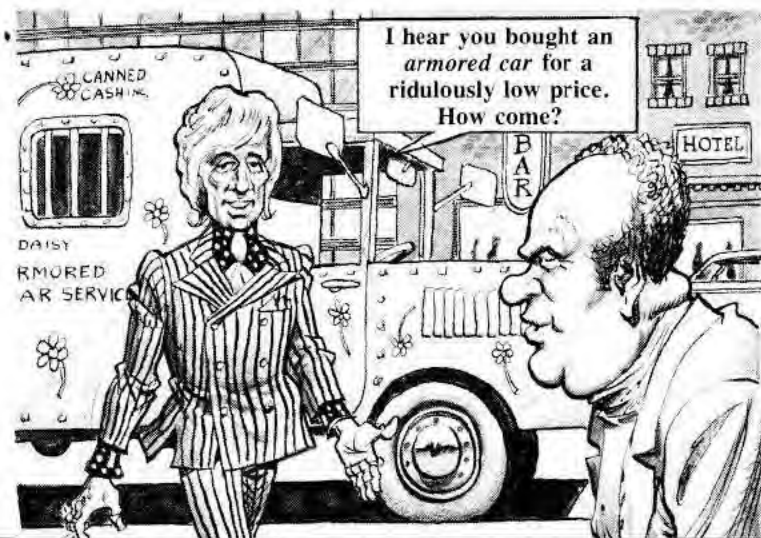
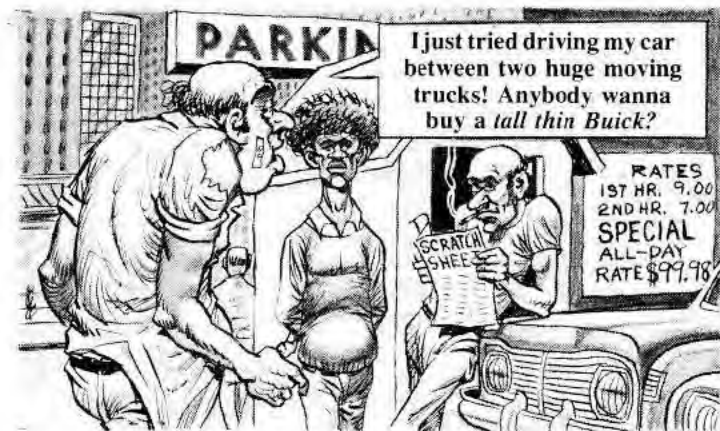
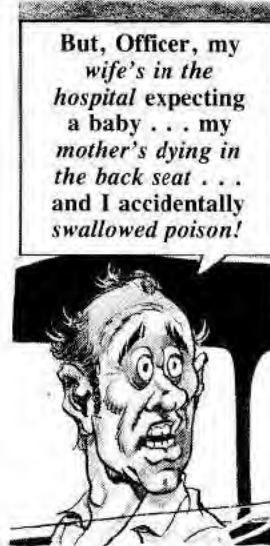


Your new Cadillac went off a cliff and you say you have mixed emotions about it?

Yeah, my mother-in-law was driving it!



Her problem is deciding which of the three meters she should put her dime in.



CRACKED is applying a tourniquet to your neck so your nose won't run.

CRACKED'S CATCHY

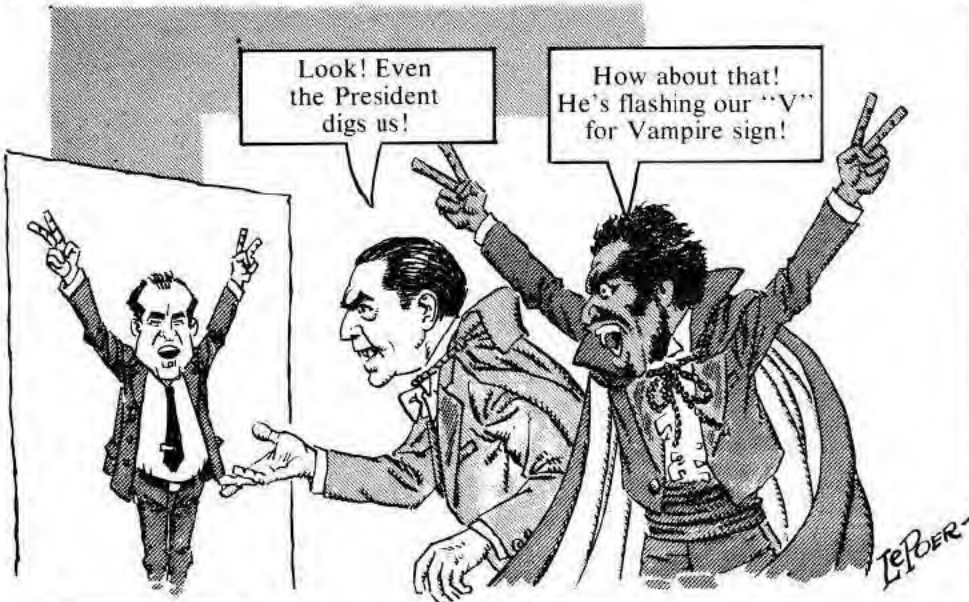
MEETING THE OPPOSITE SEX



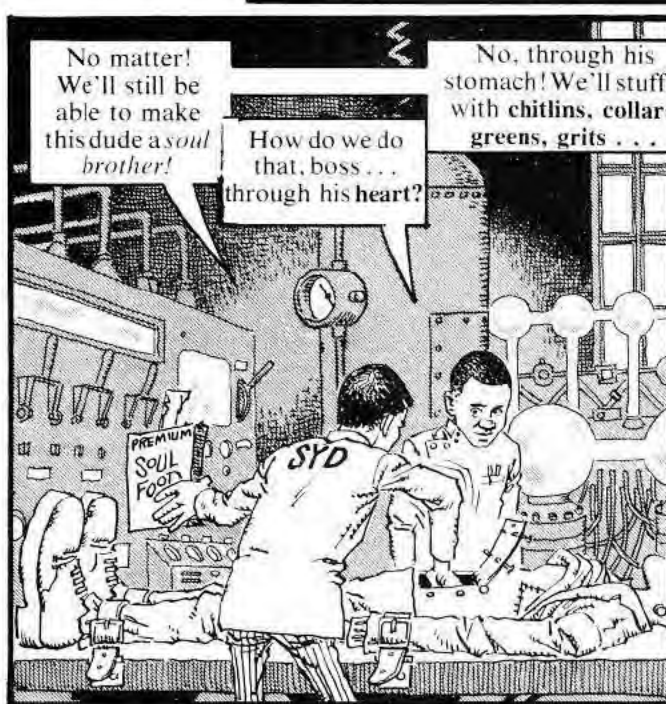
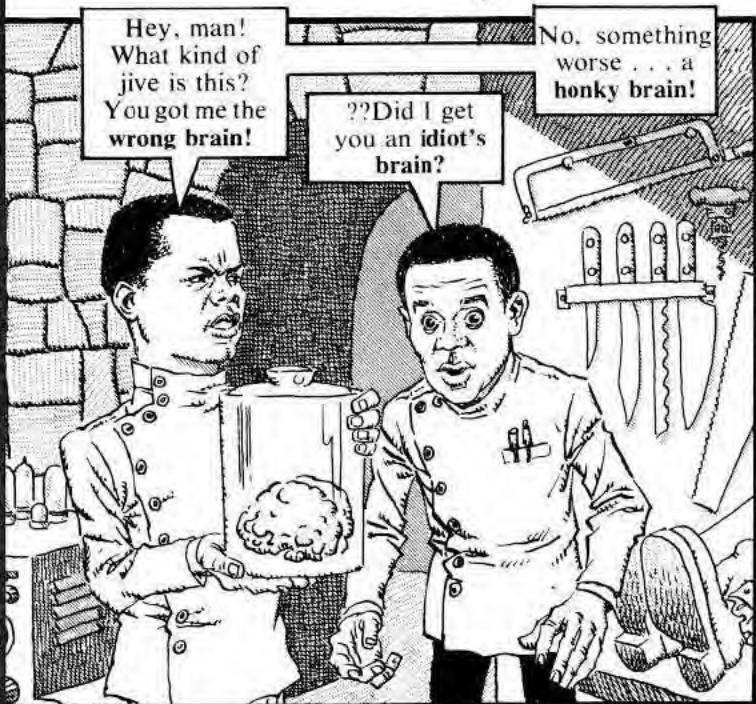
FIRST LINES FOR:

DUMPING THE OPPOSITE SEX

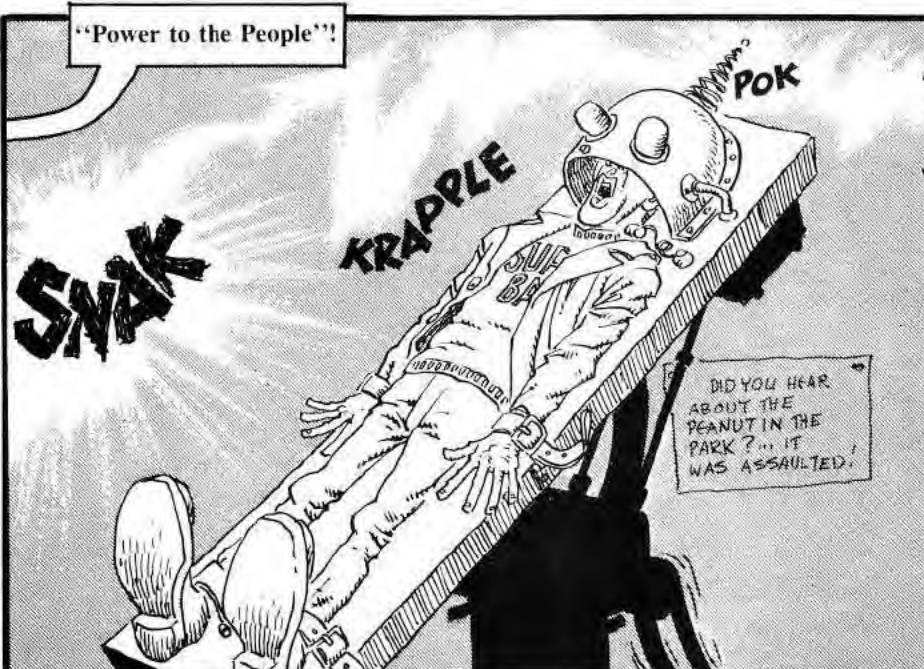




Sepia marauders are the rage in Hollywood. First it was Blacula, then Blackenstein! At this rate it won't be long before we see the Black Sea Creature doing the funky penguin. Bela and Boris, please stand aside and make way for the . . .

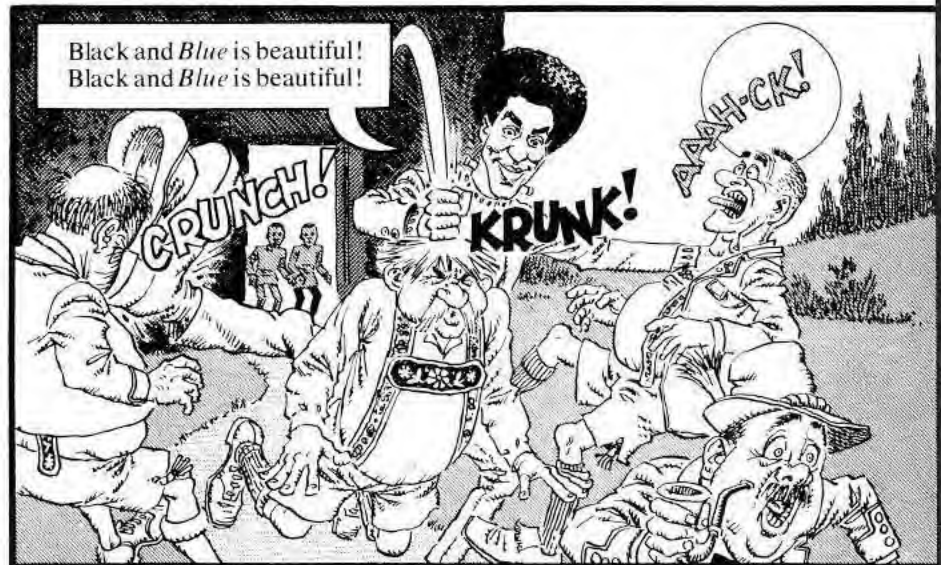
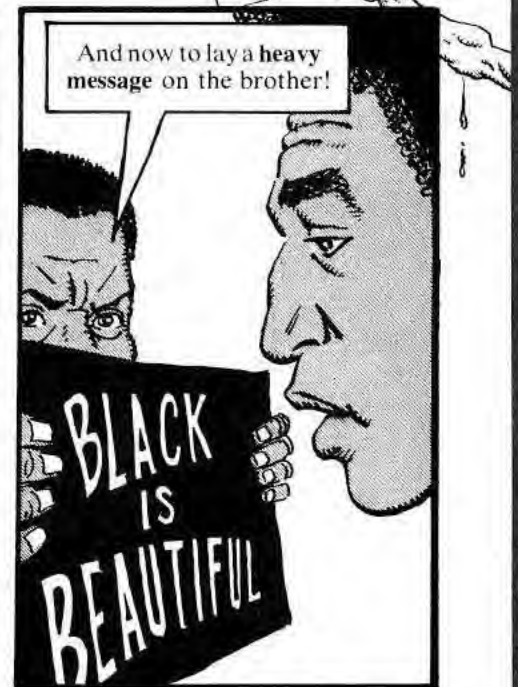
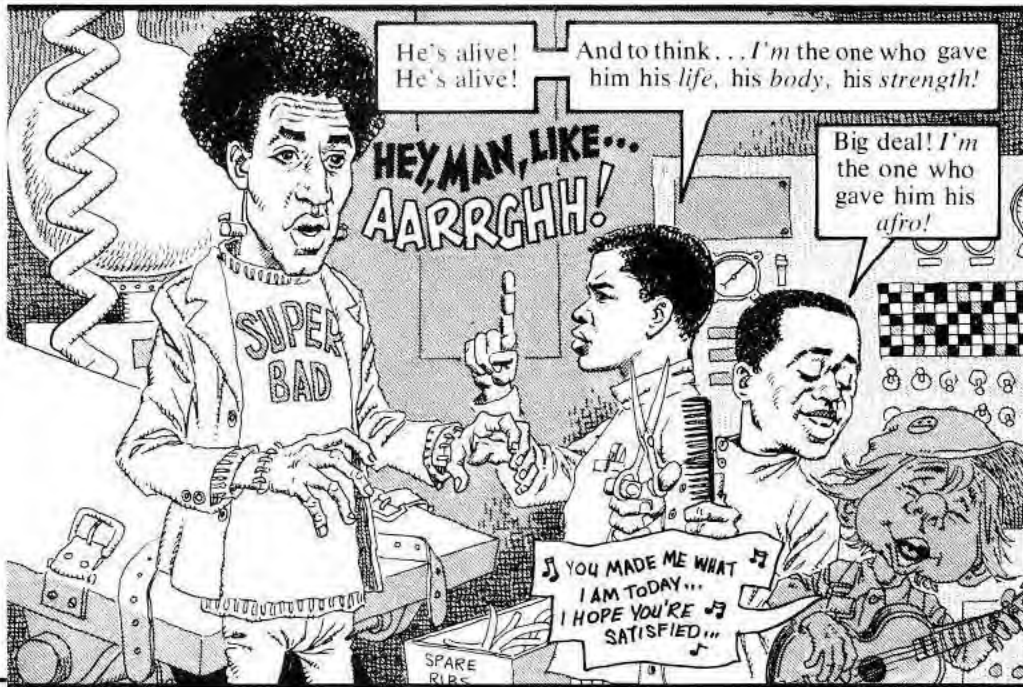


DIDJA KNOW a famed two-headed toe dancer once drowned and saved his own life by administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on himself!

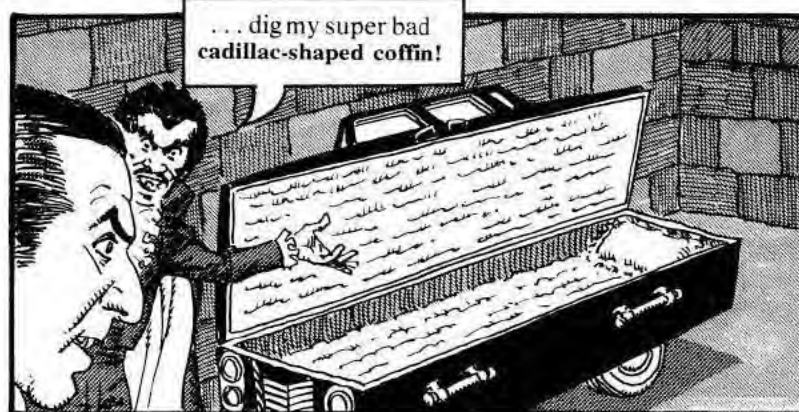
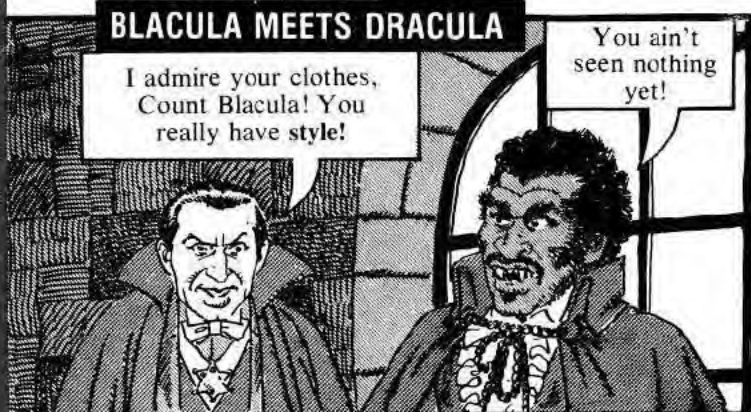


BLACK MOVIE MONSTERS

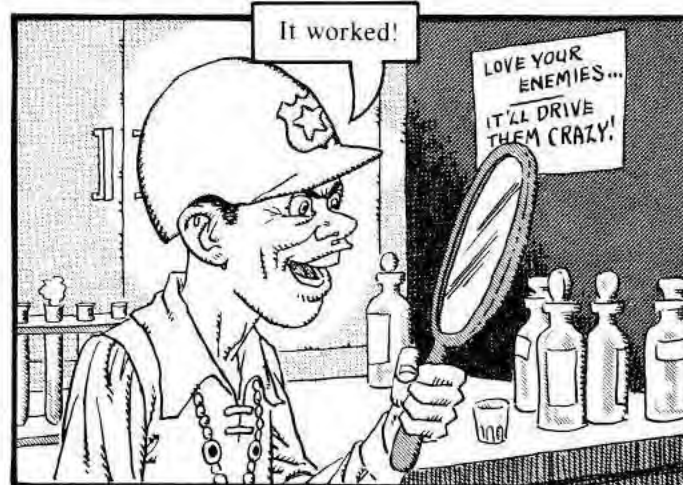
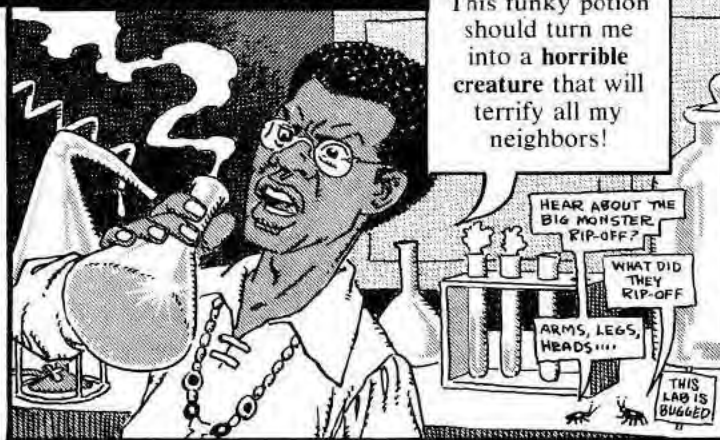
JOIN
The BLACK MONSTER
G.O.R.E
(CORPS OF RAMPAGE
EVIL-DOERS)



BLACULA MEETS DRACULA



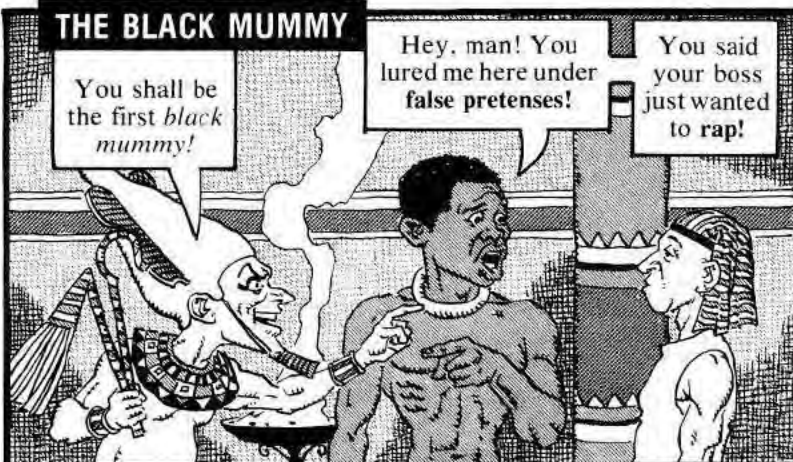
DR. BLACKYL & MR. HYDE



THE BLACK WEREWOLF



THE BLACK MUMMY



BLACK PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Would you believe it
... I was once as
handsome as Harry
Belafonte?

What happened?



I went ten rounds
with Joe Frazier!

WE WERE GOING
TO TELL A
SUBMARINE
STORY HERE...
BUT IT
GOT A LITTLE
TOO DEEP!



THE INVISIBLE BLACKMAN

The Invisible Blackman
wants to help our
movement!

If he's invisible, how
do we know the dude
is a soul brother?



Are you kidding,
man?



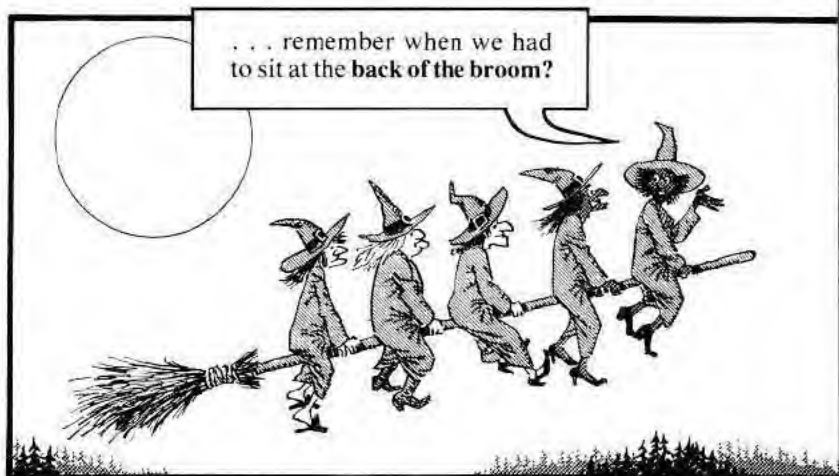
THE BLACK WITCH

We black witches have certainly come
a long way fighting for our rights!

Yes, indeed!



... remember when we had
to sit at the back of the broom?



RETURN OF SUPER FLY

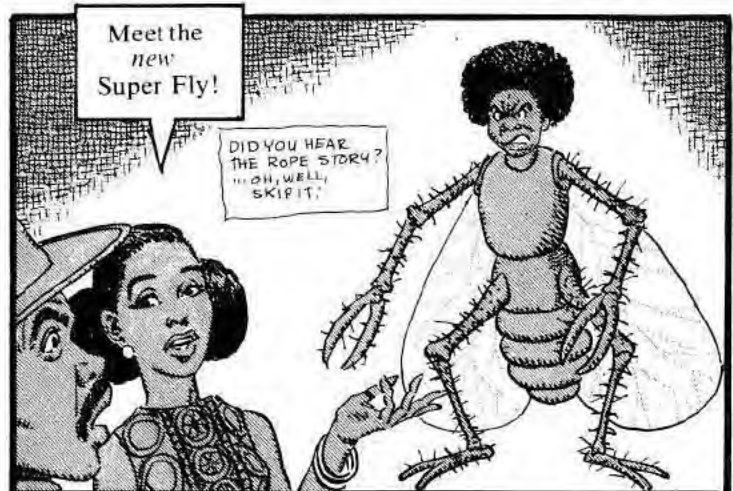
I am Super Fly

I got news for you,
brother Priest ...



Meet the
new
Super Fly!

DID YOU HEAR
THE ROPE STORY?
... OH, WELL,
SKIP IT!

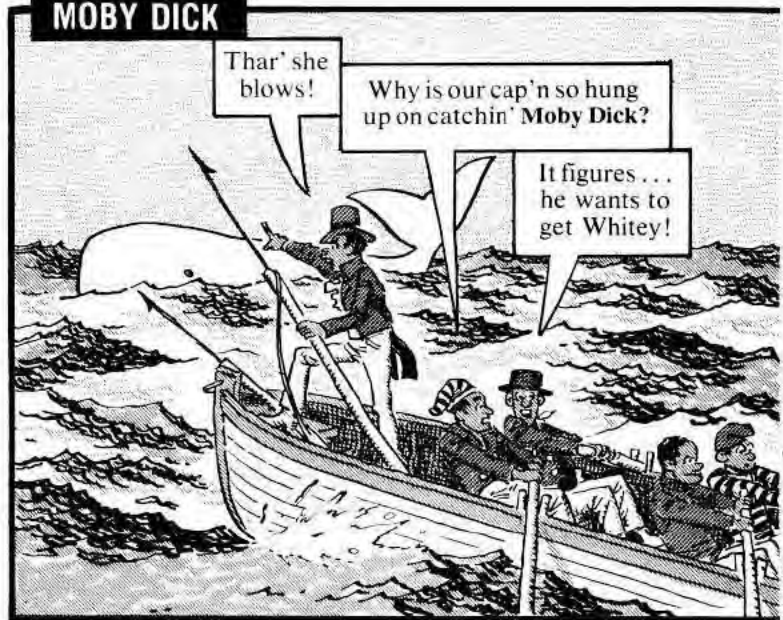


EVENTUALLY WE CAN EXPECT ALL OF THE GREAT FILM CLASSICS TO BE REMADE AS BLACK MOVIES...

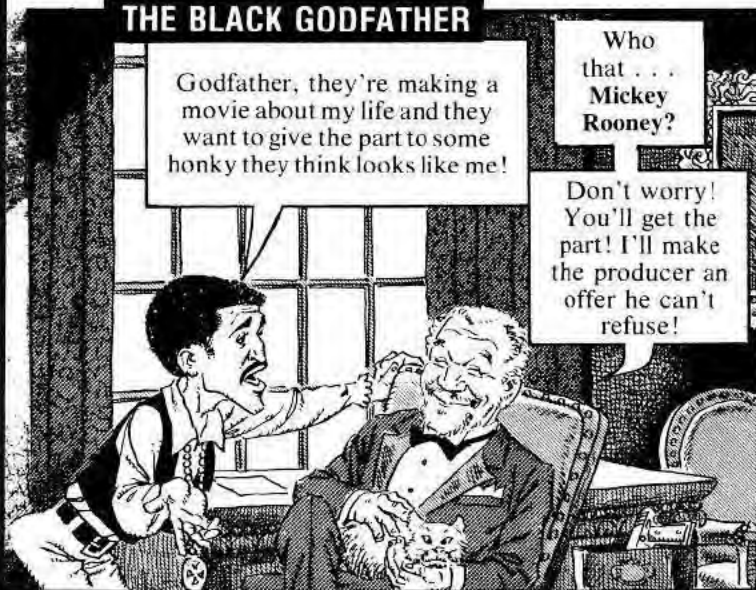
BLACK TARZAN



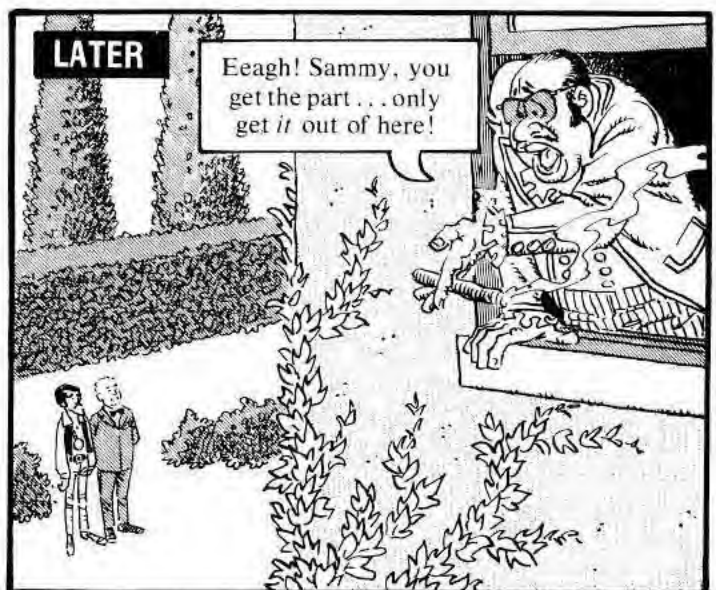
MOBY DICK



THE BLACK GODFATHER

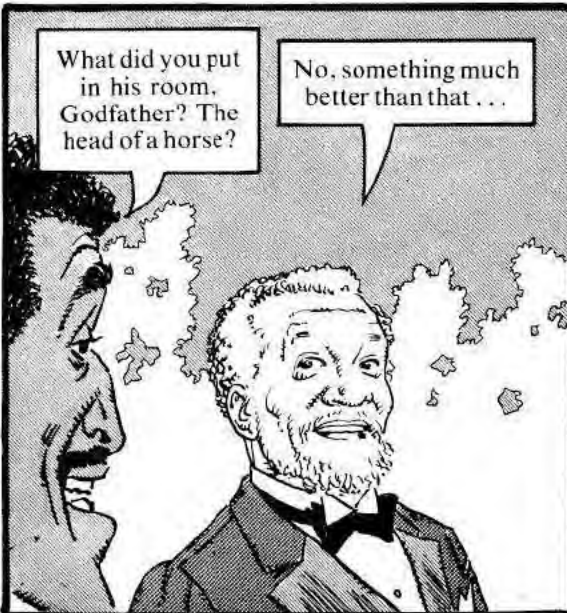


LATER

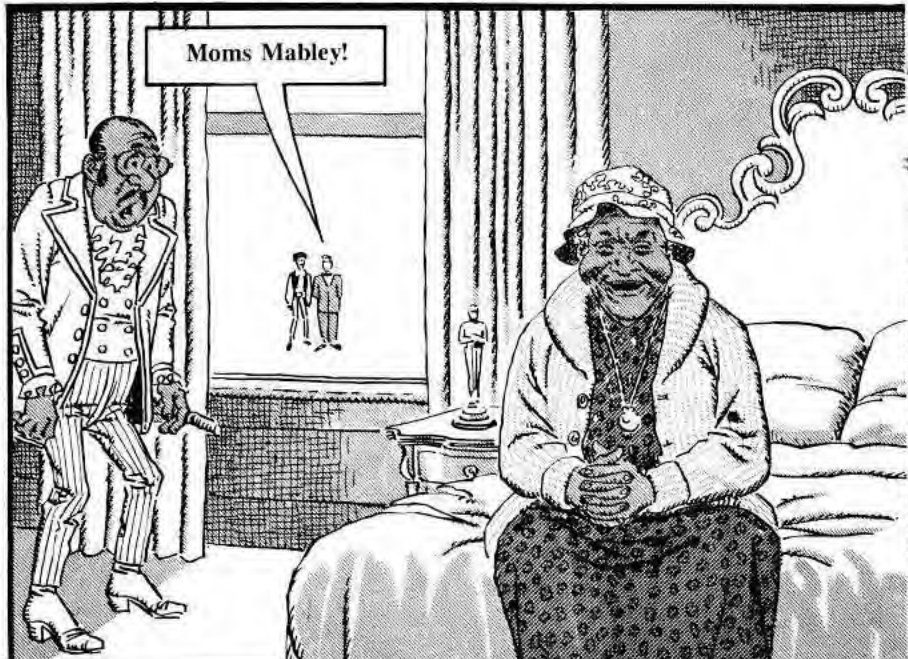


What did you put in his room, Godfather? The head of a horse?

No, something much better than that...



Moms Mabley!



Students of psychic phenomena may be making too much of a mysterious sixth sense. Perhaps what we mean by ESP (Extra-Sensory Perception) is nothing more than a super-developed form of our EXISTING senses. You'll sense what we mean as CRACKED proceeds to make no sense out of the five senses in interviews with people who possess

SUPER SENSES

The most famous example of a super sense—
Superguy's X-Ray Vision.

Superguy, can you tell me what card I am holding?

My X-Ray vision penetrates through three bodies to tell me it is the Ace of Clubs!

Big deal!
Anyone can see through a politician!



SUPER TASTE

Ms. Clair Voyant, how does your *super sense of taste* aid you as a used-car appraiser?

It helps me spot the lemons!



Clair, would you do me a favor? . . . Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz



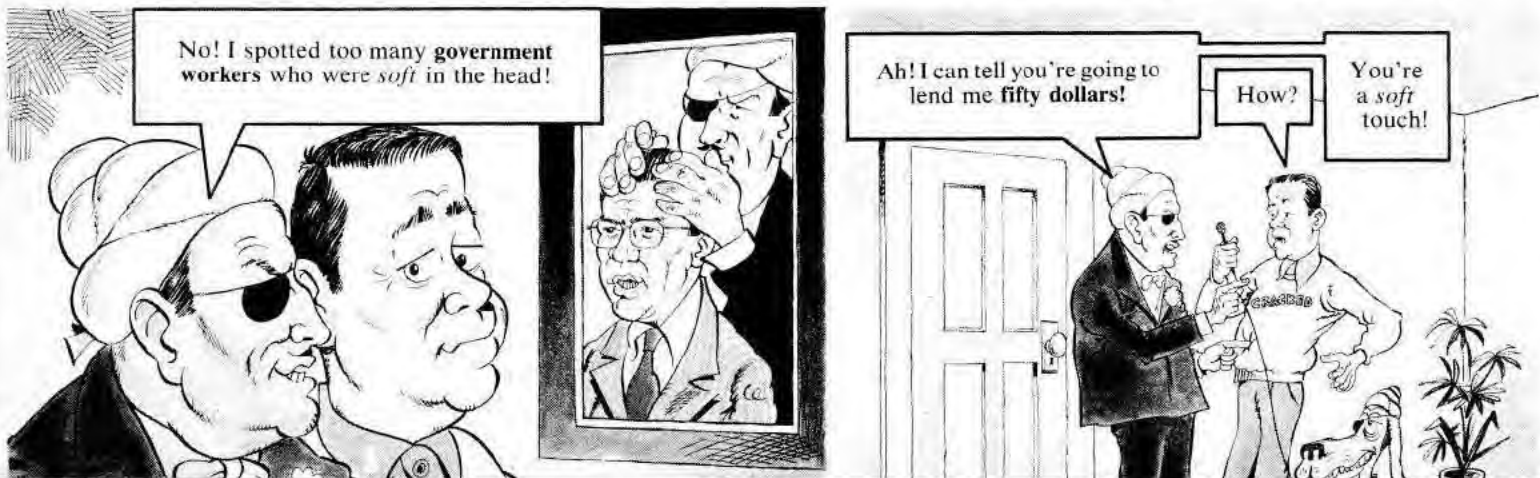
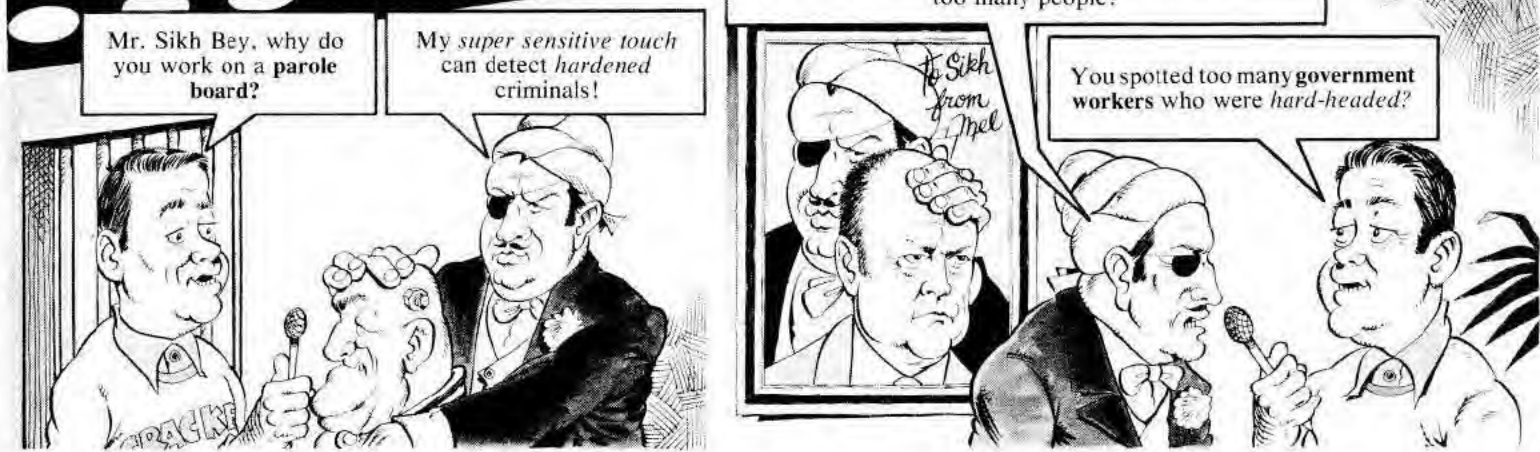
Hmmm! He's very sweet! Yes, Judy, your new boyfriend is a *genuine sugar-daddy!*



SUPER SIGHT



SUPER TOUCH



SUPER HEARING

Before I let you in I have to make sure you're conservatively dressed!

Why, Mr. Lenz?

My super sensitive ears can't stand loud clothes!

Shh! Be quiet, you guys! We have company!

??You're conversing with dollar bills??

Sure! Haven't you heard . . . money talks?

DAH-LING-I HAVE YEN FOR YOU!

I had a cousin who also had super hearing, but now he's stone deaf!

. . . He accidentally wandered by Fort Knox and all that gold blew out his eardrums!

SUPER SMELL

Mr. Upson Downes, I understand you have super smelling abilities!

Yes! Excuse me for a second . . . the Philadelphia Phillies are back in town! Phew!

You can't imagine the unbelievable stench in this city the year round!

. . . The Phillies in the Spring and Summer, the Eagles in the Fall and the 76er's in the Winter!

If it's so unbearably smelly here in Philadelphia, why don't you move?

The smell would be just as bad anywhere else I went . . .

You see . . . this magazine is found all over the country! Gasp!

What has 300 arms, 300 legs and won't leave until you throw it out? 150 people at a wedding reception! And a lot more happens at one of these affairs than just eating and toasting the bride as you'll soon see in our next crazy centerspread...

CRACKED Looks at a Wedding Reception



Q. What would you have if Count Dracula became an Avon Lady?
A. A dingbat?

Here's our version of a TV series that plays both ends against the middle . . . Mainly because it's an Eastern-Western. And right in the middle of it all is a cornfed crime-fighter who bungles along from one end to the other. In fact, he's such an inept, naive hick, that we call him . . .

McCLOD

That McClod is too much! Hear his latest idea on how to **fight crime**? He wants us to put all our police cars in a circle! Darn nitwit thinks he's John Wayne!

Yeah, dig it! Last night I saw him riding shotgun on a **cross-town bus**! Funny part is . . . the bus was actually **attacked by a gang** at 14th Street!

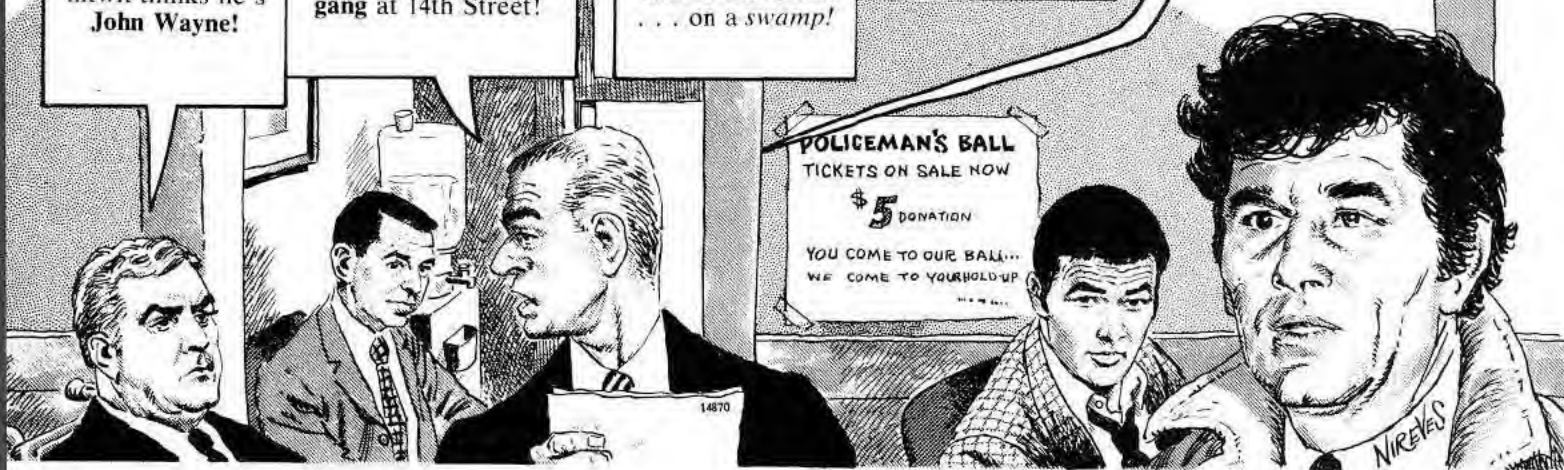
Let's give him some **left field assignment** to keep him out of our hair? Like maybe **walking a beat in the Bronx** . . . on a **swamp**!

Too dangerous for McClod! He's not ready for this **tough town**. On his last case he was **mugged, stomped on, roughed up and beaten to a pulp**!

By a **street gang**?

No, by a **meter maid**!

THE ONLY JOB YOU SHOULD START AT THE TOP IS DIGGING A HOLE!



Howdy, **Pardners**! Sorry ah'm late, but some **orn'ry polecat** jacked up mah horse an' stole two of his shoes!

Man, never agin will ah park mah horse on the **West side** of town!

YOWEE-EE! You're standing on my foot with those **danged iron boots**!

Sorry 'bout that, **Captain**! C'mon, **Nellie**, let's **vamoose**!

Not the **horse**, you idiot! I'm talking about **you, McClod**! Get out before I arrest you for impersonating a **human being**!

Heh-heh, **Captain**, always joking! No wonder they call this **Fun City**!

Will you get that **beast** out of my office!



McClod, I admire the way you keep your cool! Don't you even get angry when they call you PIG?

Shucks no, Captain! That's a compliment! Where ah come from pigs is part of the family!

Oh, well, here's your next assignment. Big Ed, boss of all the rackets, is back in this country illegally. I want you to track him down, arrest him, bring him to justice, and mainly, sit on his lap when they strap him in the electric chair!

... and step on it!

Right, Captain!

YAH-HH! You Nitwit! Again you're stepping on my foot! McClod, get outta here before I bust you! Not arrest you... I mean bust you!

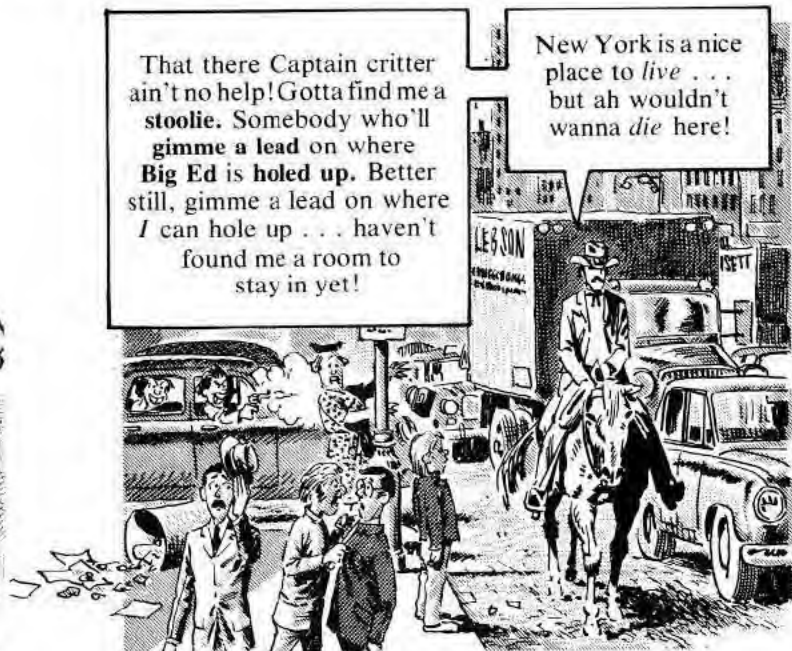


That there Captain critter ain't no help! Gotta find me a stoolie. Somebody who'll gimme a lead on where Big Ed is holed up. Better still, gimme a lead on where I can hole up... haven't found me a room to stay in yet!

New York is a nice place to live... but ah wouldn't wanna die here!

Psst, McClod! I hear youse is lookin' fuh Big Ed! The woid is out... lay off! They got a contract out fuh youse!

A contract? That's wonderful! Gimme... ah'll sign it!



Wow, if youse is that dumb I figger there's no stopping youse! So, like, I'll tell youse where Big Ed is!

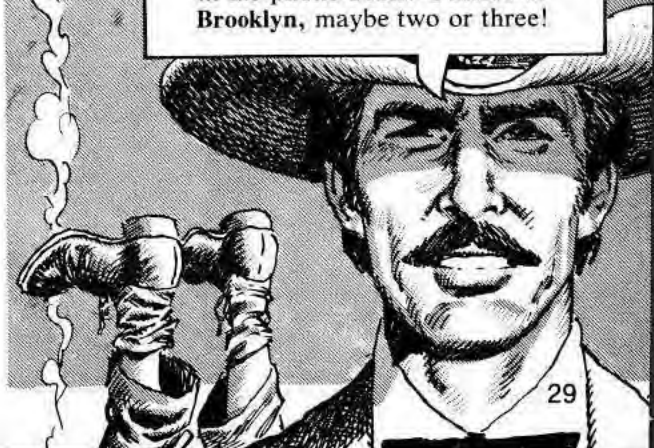
He's stayin' at the home of an ol' buddy. Now, hear me... the ol' buddy's name is...

ARGHH-H!!



Poor varmint is dead! But he tol' me whut ah gotta do now is... look for this fella name of Arghh-h!

Shouldn't be much trouble. I mean, how many Arghh-h's can there be in the phone book? Outside of Brooklyn, maybe two or three!



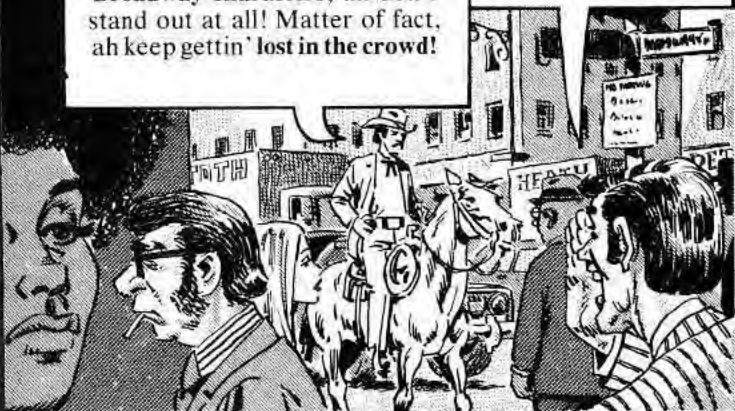
Well, here ah go agin, trottin' on mah Palamino down ol' Broadway! Used to think ah'd attract attention this way, but after seein' some of these Broadway characters, ah don't stand out at all! Matter of fact, ah keep gettin' lost in the crowd!

Hey, Horsey! Any inside tips on the Kentucky Derby? You know . . . from the horse's mouth?

We're comin' to an Eye-talian neighborhood. Think ah'll get me some of that there PIZZA ah hear so much about. Ah'm so hungry ah could eat mah saddle!

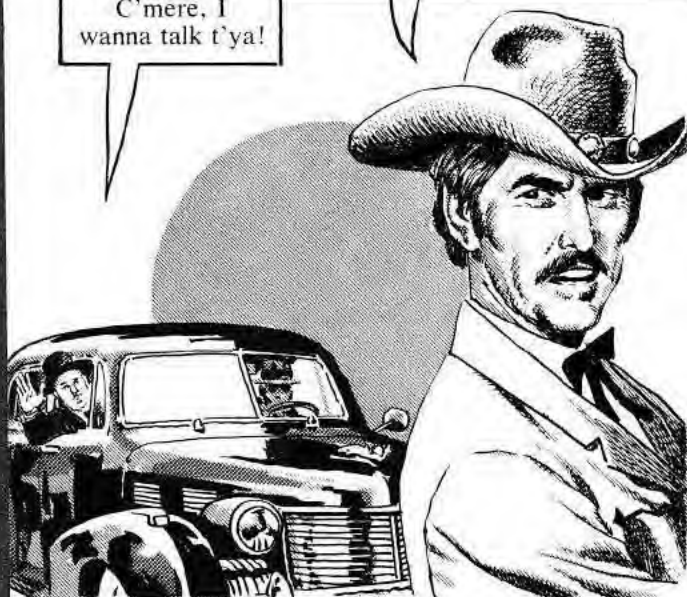
What in the world is that?

I dunno, I think it's an elephant!



Hey, you! Boots! C'mere, I wanna talk t'ya!

Huh? Wha-h? Who's a-callin' me?



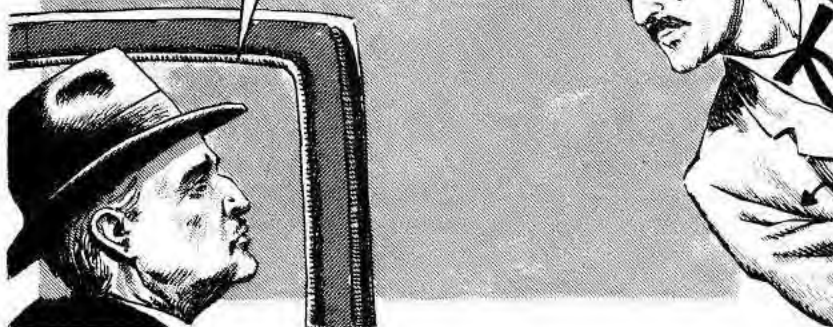
Who are you, Mister? Speak up now!

Funny . . . you don't look like a Church fella!

Les' jus' say I'm a Godfather!

I'm a Mafioso!

Hm-m . . . must be one of them new-fangled religions.



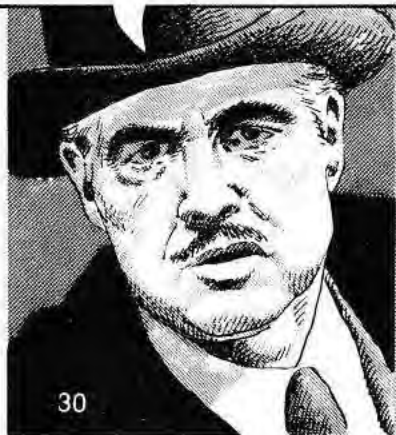
Now lissen good . . . I don't like ta repeat. I wanya ta lay off Big Ed as a pers'nal favor ta me, ya unnerstan'? Stop bodderin' him or we gonna hafta hit ya, capish?

No offense, pardner, but I ain't understood a word yuh said!

Do you always mumble like that?

No, only when I talk!

Funny, but I t'ought you were da one wit' da speech defect!



Still say he looks familiar. Ah think ah saw him once in a **torn T-shirt!** Nah-h... can't be the same guy!

Well, no **Pizza** places open. Ah think ah'll mosey on down to **Chinatown** an' try some of the **Chinese food**. I hear that *chopped sewer* is sumthin' else!



Likee soup, maybe? We havum **Won-Ton!**

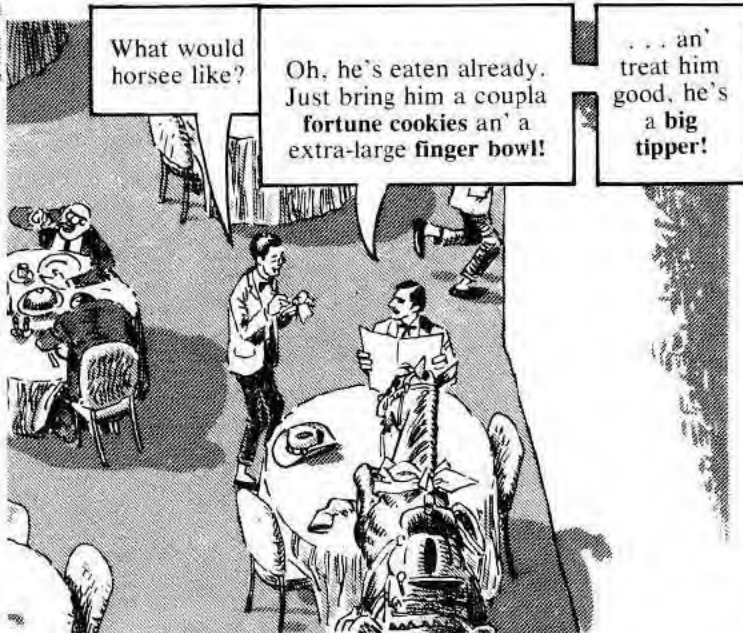
Sounds great, but ah'm tryin' to cut down. Just bring me **half a ton!**



What would horsee like?

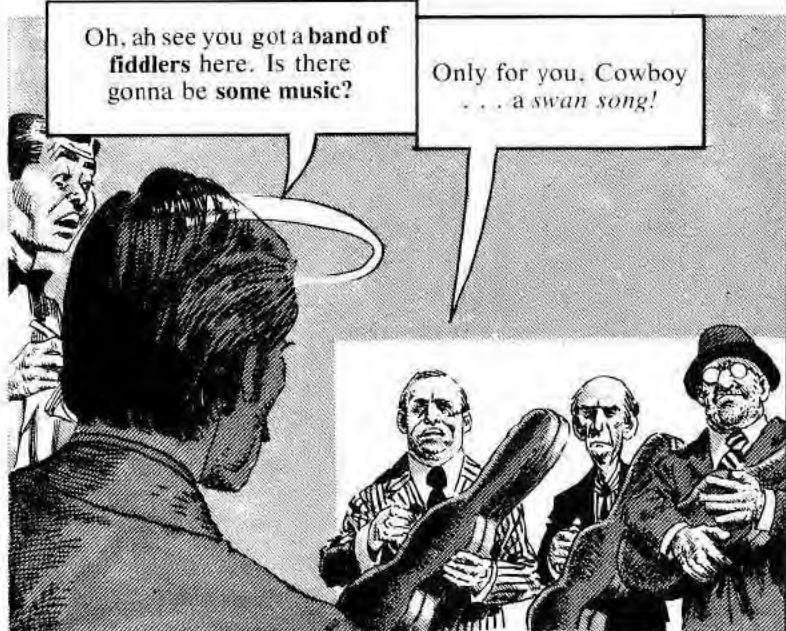
Oh, he's eaten already. Just bring him a coupla **fortune cookies** an' a **extra-large finger bowl!**

... an' treat him good, he's a **big tipper!**



Oh, ah see you got a **band of fiddlers** here. Is there gonna be **some music?**

Only for you, Cowboy... a **swan song!**



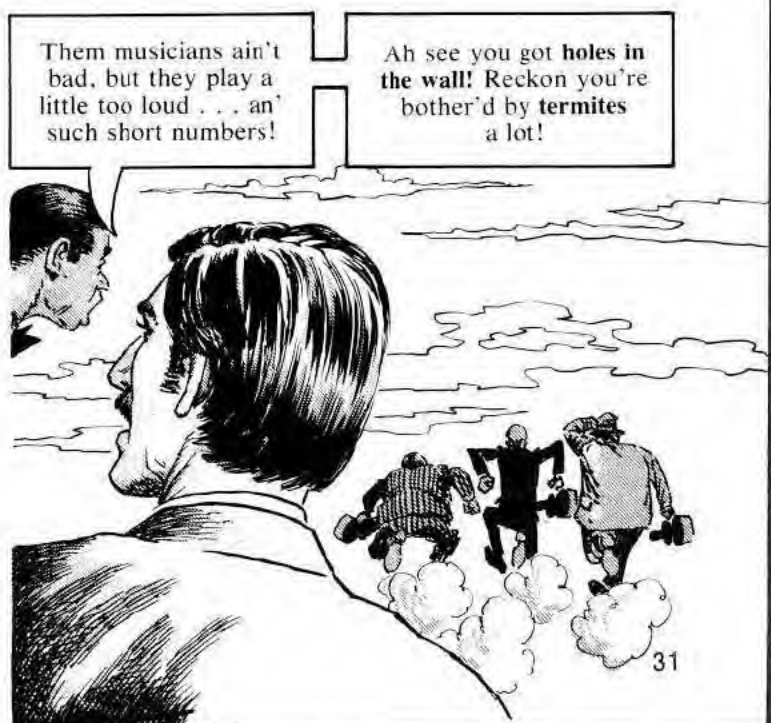
Oops, ah **dropped ma hat!**

BRRRA-TAT-TATTA-TAT



Them musicians ain't bad, but they play a little too loud... an' such short numbers!

Ah see you got **holes in the wall!** Reckon you're bother'd by **termites** a lot!

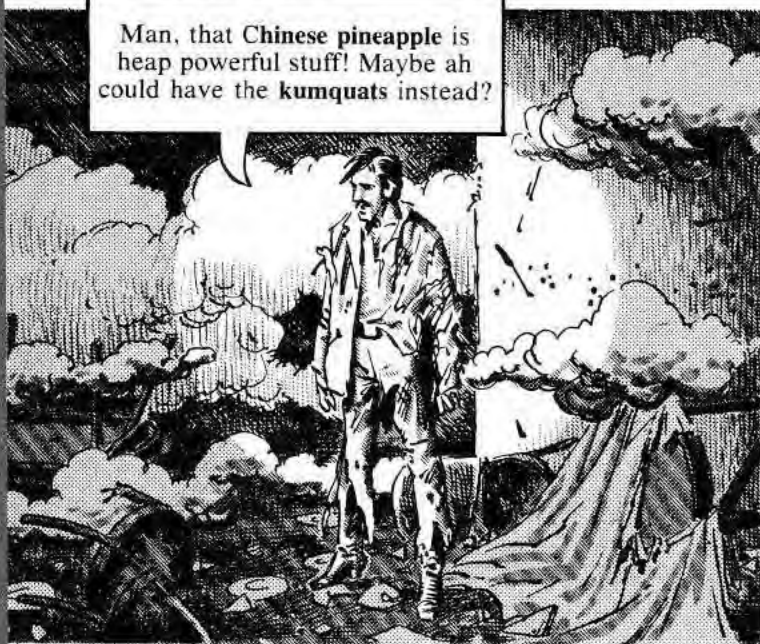


Here is dessert, mister
... nice pineapple!
Wait, me pull out stem
for you!

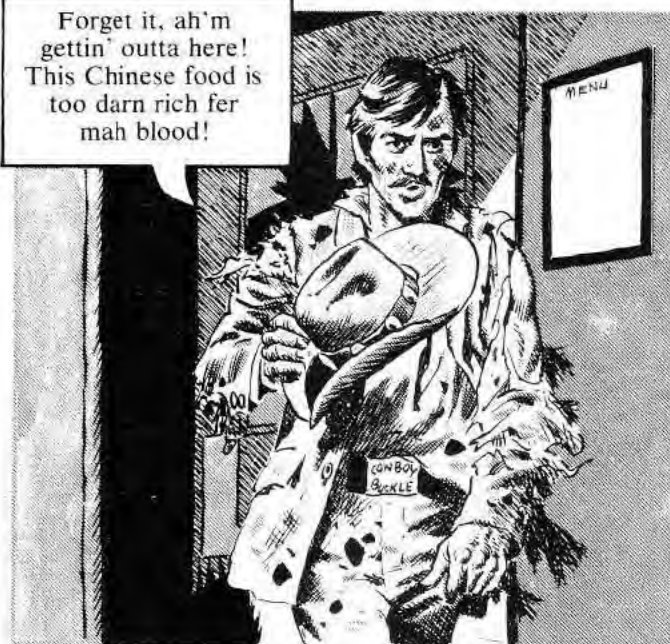
That's mahty decent of you,
pardner. Hope ah don't
get too big a charge out
of this!



Man, that Chinese pineapple is
heap powerful stuff! Maybe ah
could have the kumquats instead?



Forget it, ah'm
gettin' outta here!
This Chinese food is
too darn rich fer
mah blood!



Hello, Captain? Ah
decided to stop lookin'
fer Big Ed. You can take
me off the case!

That's not like you,
McClod! Have you
sold out to the Syndicate?



Not exactly, Captain... let's just
say that they made me an offer
ah couldn't refuse!

Say, honey,
maybe you
got a cute
little mare
fer mah
horse!



So you're gonna have a wedding! Well, now that you've made the first mistake of getting caught, better start saving your money because wedding costs are staggering (as will be most of the guests at your reception). Now you can go ahead and waste \$10,000 on arrangements without thinking, or else you can follow some simple advice and cut those costs down to around \$5.98. How? All you need do is follow CRACKED's instructions on . . .

HOW TO REDUCE WEDDING COSTS

Who To Invite

Invite only those you really like . . . or have the reception on a first-come, first-serve basis.

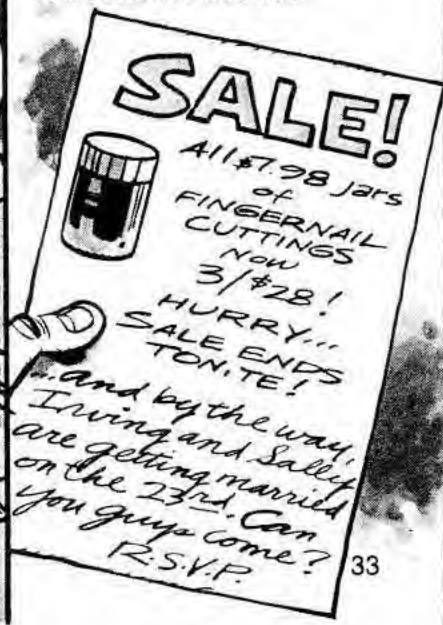
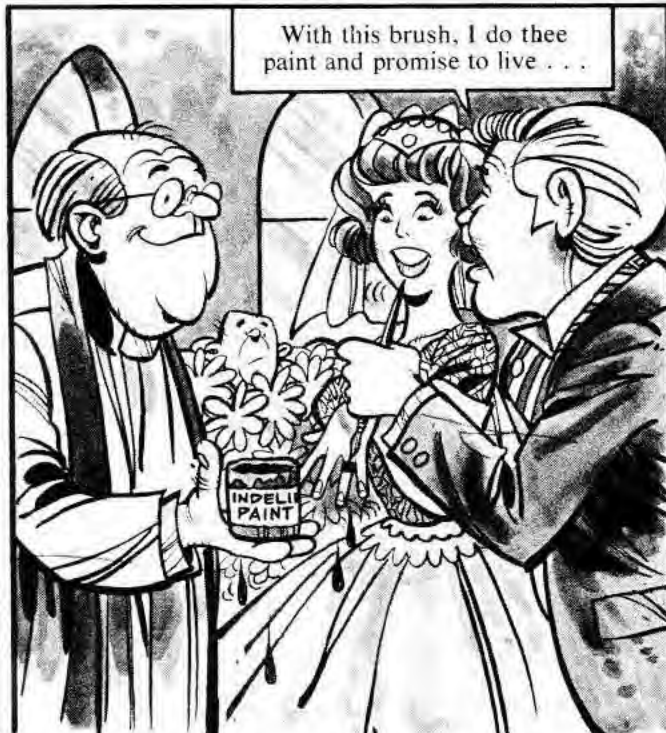
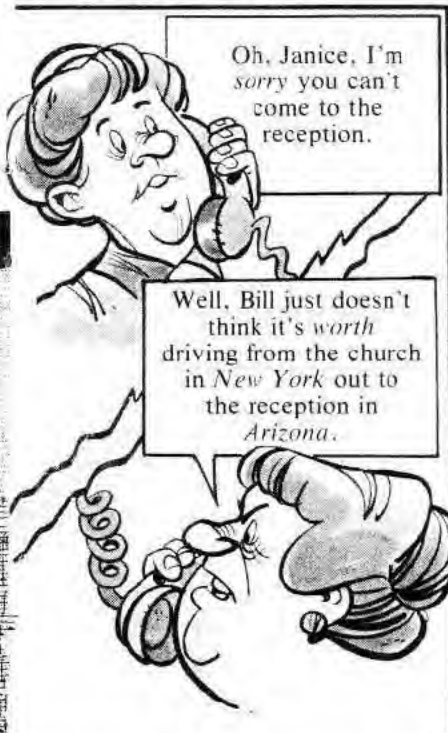


. . . or better yet, invite everyone! But to discourage people from attending, have the reception at an inconvenient place.

Rings For example . . . why buy gold wedding bands (which you'll probably lose) when there's a more permanent, less expensive way.

Invitations

And there's no need to print up separate invitations. Instead, attach your announcement onto something else being sent to the desired address.



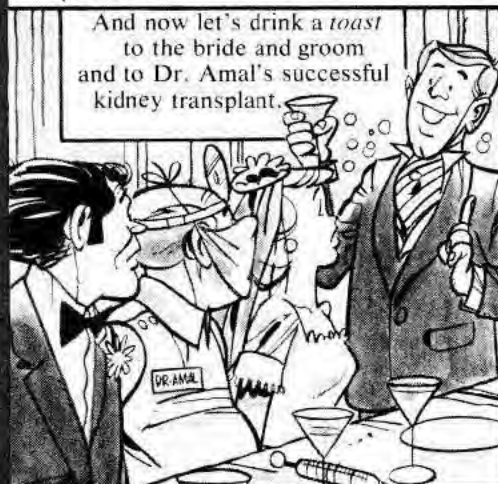
Renting The Hall

There are a number of ways of cutting down the figure of renting a hall for the reception too!

You might try sharing the expenses of a hall with another person.

Or, if you're cunning enough, sneak your guests into someone else's reception.

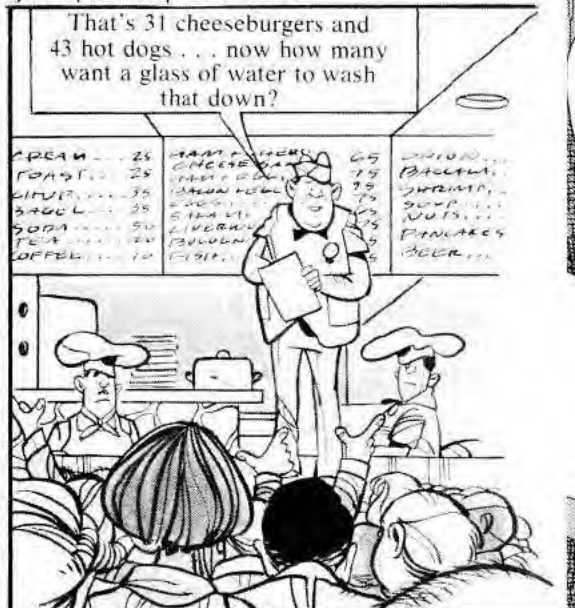
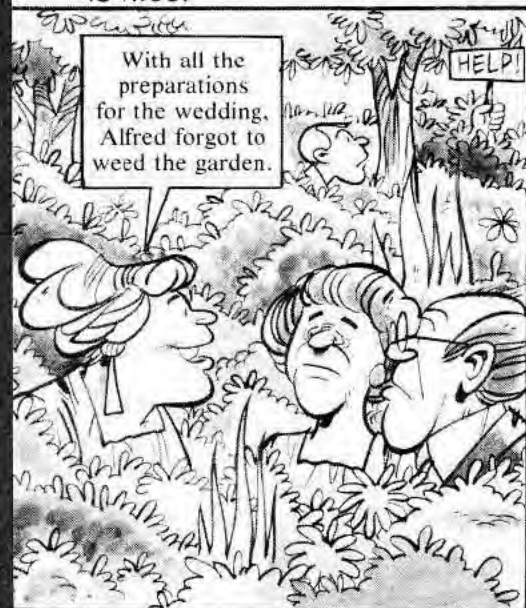
Or you could hold it at a public park or beach where the rental is free.



If you have a large enough backyard, a garden wedding is nice.

And even if you live in an apt, the house need not be messed if you hold it on the terrace.

Or you can just have everyone meet at a local eating place where you pick up the tab.



Other Costs

When it comes to hiring a photographer, an experienced one is nice, but besides being costly, they sometimes hinder the naturalness of the wedding.

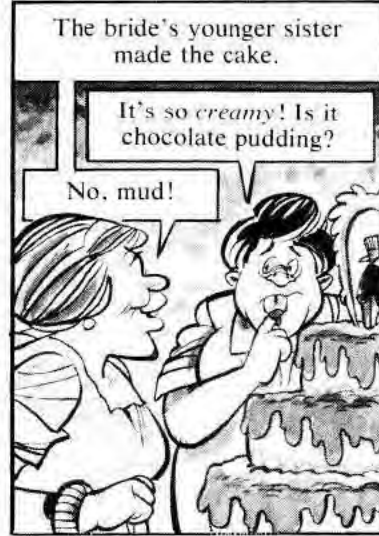
As for the music, hire an unknown local band.



A limousine is essential, but instead of renting a '73, hire a slightly older model.



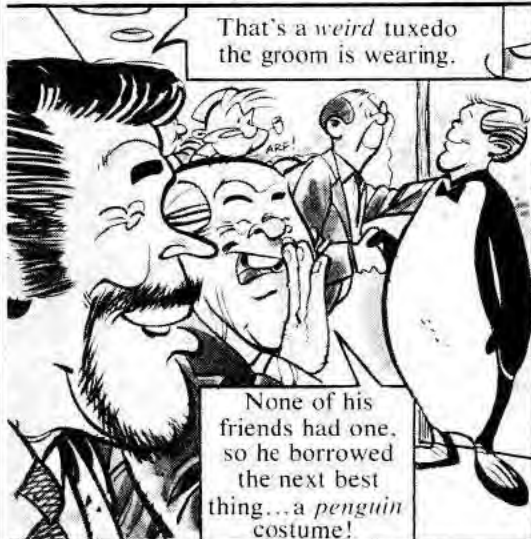
And many people fancy lavish wedding cakes, but most go wasted. Instead use a homemade one.



Instead of the bride buying a gown, she should borrow one from someone else in the family.



Likewise the groom! Instead of renting a tuxedo, he too should try to borrow one.



Instead of paying for a new marriage license, try to pick up a used one.



Cutting Food Costs

The main cost at a reception will usually be food and drink, but fear not because here too there are many ways of pruning down costs.

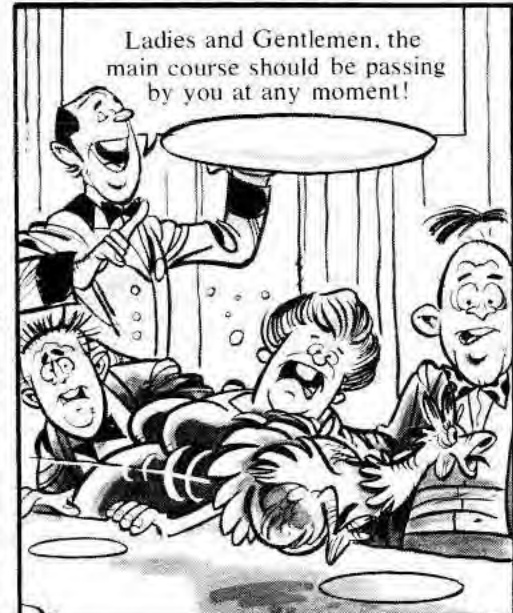
On the soup course, request a small portion and then have the kitchen water it down a bit.



Always serve a lot of bread before the meal... it's inexpensive and filling.



As a main course, serve a slightly undercooked chicken.



And to save money on liquor, have the bartender suggest an alternate drink.



Honeymoon

A honeymoon doesn't have to be expensive, either.

For one thing, seek cheap transportation.



Also try to locate inexpensive accommodations.



Or do a lot of visiting.



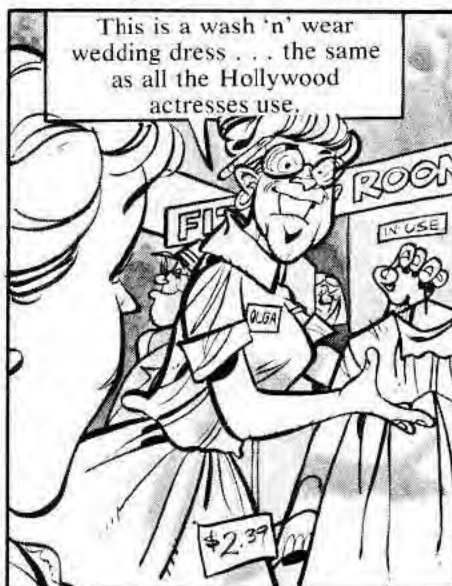
More Than One Daughter

For large families having more than one daughter, there are a number of steps that can be taken to recycle some materials from one wedding to the next.

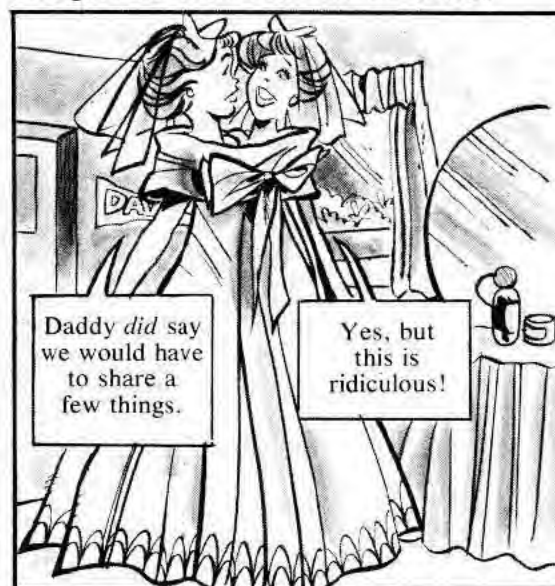
For example, pass up fresh flowers for re-usable ones.



Also buy a re-usable gown.

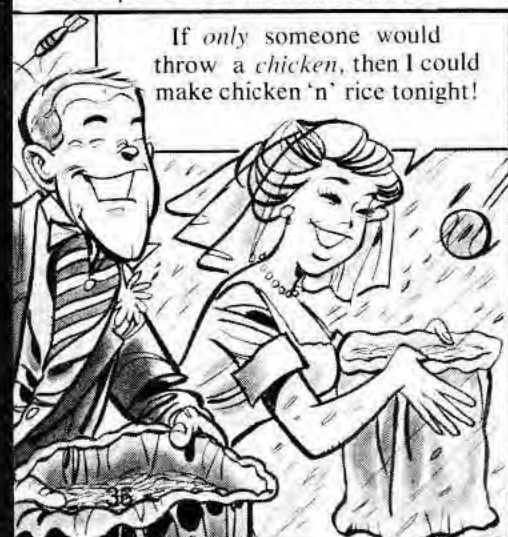


Or better yet, just have all your daughters married off at once.



After the Wedding

When you're leaving the church and rice is being thrown, don't run past it like most do.



Best Cut Of All

And why have hundreds of thank you notes printed, when one properly-worded note will do.



But there's one sure-fire method that every father should try that will keep wedding costs down to their barest minimum.



Every so often CRACKED hits upon a really great story it can't help printing. Well, maybe that'll happen to us next month, but for now it's time for mystery and intrigue (remember that great vaudeville act . . . They Followed Fink's Minks?) as we shamefully present:

TROUBLE AT THE REDUCING CLINIC Or THE **Weighty** PROBLEM



WRITER:
JOE CATALANO



ART: BERNARD BAILY...

It's the first day's orientation at a local weight reducing saloon . . . er . . . salon!



Welcome to Flabby Farms Firming Factory, ladies! We guarantee that when you leave here in two weeks, you'll walk out half the woman you are today!

FAT IS A WEIGHTY PROBLEM

You mean after 28 years, I'll be able to see my toes?

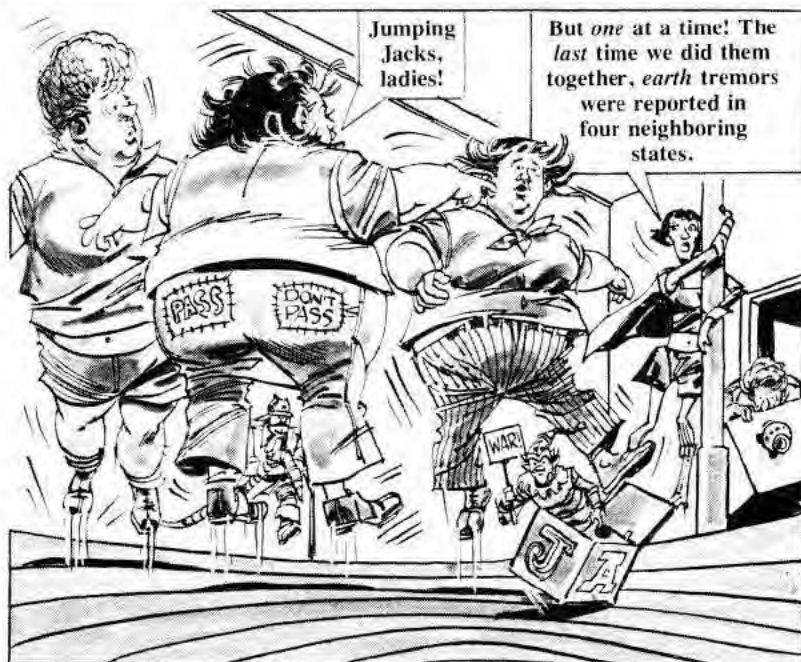
At once the daily exercise classes begin for the new students.



Push-up, ladies!

Oooh, I hope I get thin. Right now, whenever I walk into a room people say, "Here they come"!

FAT IS PEE-YO-UT-FUL



Jumping Jacks, ladies!

But one at a time! The last time we did them together, earth tremors were reported in four neighboring states.



All right, bedtime!

But what about dinner?

You just had it . . . that plate of greens.

That was dinner? I thought it was dirt spots on the plate . . .

. . . so I threw it away.

Sorry!



The next morning at the daily weigh-in...



To combat Peter Piper, the women are shown food rehabilitation films...



But they can't resist as Peter Piper makes his rounds...

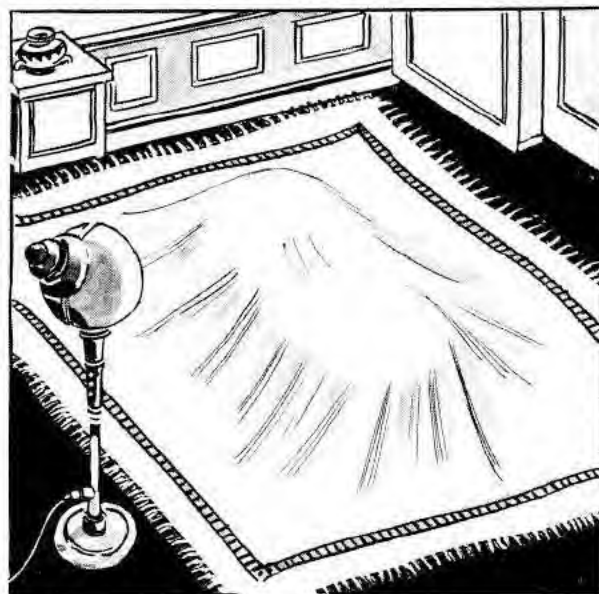




With things at a chaotic level, the owners of Flabby Farms are ready to combat it with desperate measures.



That evening the TRAP was set, as Pauline cleverly concealed herself in one of the rooms.



Suddenly there was a rap on the window and a roll tossed across the floor.



Is acupuncture a new miracle cure-all for the sick, or is it a fraud? Knowing that our readers would be on pins and needles to find out the answer, **CRACKED** pinned down one of its pinhead writers to write this . . .

CRACKED GUIDE TO ACUPUNCTURE

ORIGIN OF ACUPUNCTURE

A Chinese peasant suffering from a dozen incurable diseases fall to the ground in complete exhaustion . . . right in the path of a herd of stampeding porcupines.

When he awoke the peasant found himself miraculously cured of all his ailments.



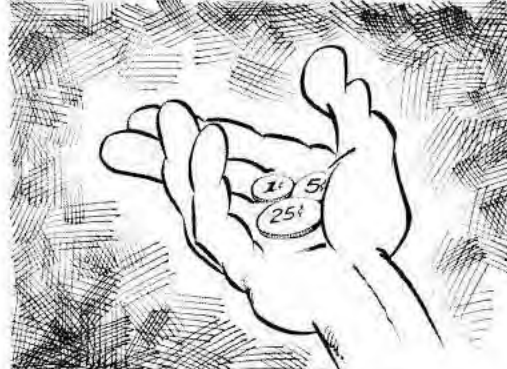
THE TRAINING OF AN ACUPUNCTURIST

acupuncturist is taught booing and razzing ...



... to know how to give people the needle.

Acupuncturist is given a small allowance ...



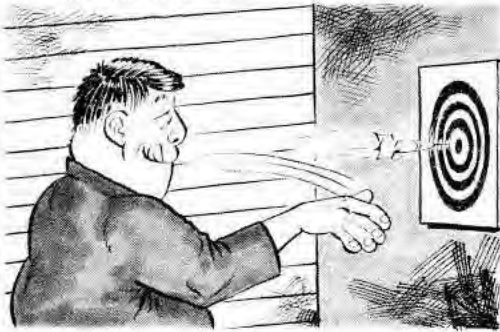
... to learn how to handle pin-money.

Acupuncturist must constantly pitch baseballs ...



... to learn pin-point control.

Acupuncturist must become an expert dart thrower ...



He must know how to apply needles from a safe distance when treating lepers.

Acupuncturist must learn to find a needle in a haystack ...



He never knows when he might have to perform acupuncture in a barn.

Acupuncturist is given a subscription to Playboy magazine ...



... to encourage an interest in pin-ups.

AILMENTS CURED BY ACUPUNCTURE

AILMENT
Lethargy



WHERE TO
APPLY NEEDLE



AILMENT
Mosquito Bites



WHERE TO APPLY NEEDLE

Patient tapes acupuncture needle to his nose and retaliates.



Pain-in-the-neck



Patient is rid of pain-in-the-neck by sticking needles into door-to-door salesman.



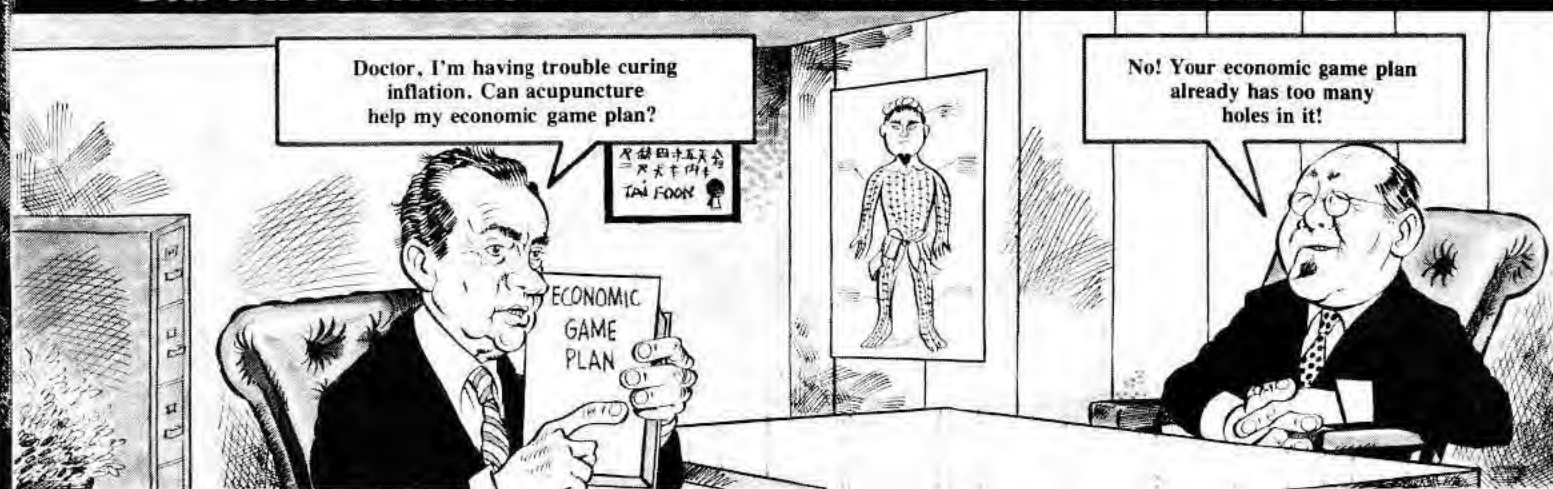
Frustration



To alleviate frustration, patient sticks pins into his favorite nemesis.



DR. TAI FOON ANSWERS QUESTIONS ABOUT ACUPUNCTURE



QUESTION: What is the most important quality required of a successful acupuncturist?

ANSWER: Stick-to-itiveness.

QUESTION: How can a person practice acupuncture on himself?

ANSWER: On his next income tax return, the person should make a deliberate, glaring error in his favor. This will keep him on pins and needles.

QUESTION: Is it possible for a habitual acupuncture patient to fall in love with a cactus?

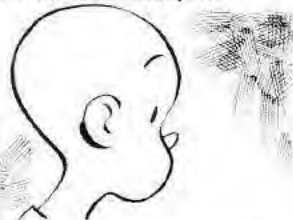
ANSWER: Yes, but the patient should not pin his hopes on the love being returned. Cacti are notoriously stuck-up.

QUESTION: What liquids may a person drink while undergoing acupuncture.

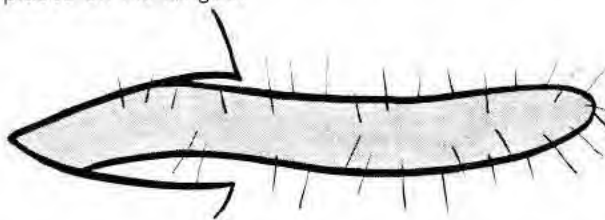
ANSWER: Only needle beer.

FAMOUS ACUPUNCTURE CURES

As a boy, Patient 707 suffered from lockjaw.



Patient 707's mouth was pried open and needles were placed on his tongue.



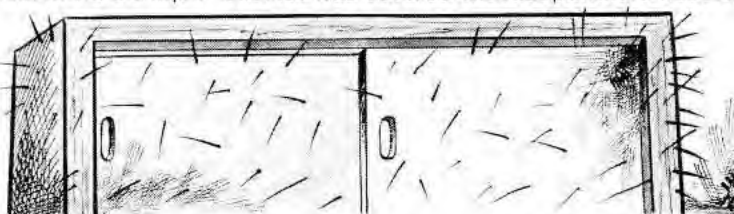
Patient 707 today.



Patient H2-0 suffered from hydrophobia (dreaded fear of water).



Patient H2-0's liquor cabinet was covered with acupuncture needles.



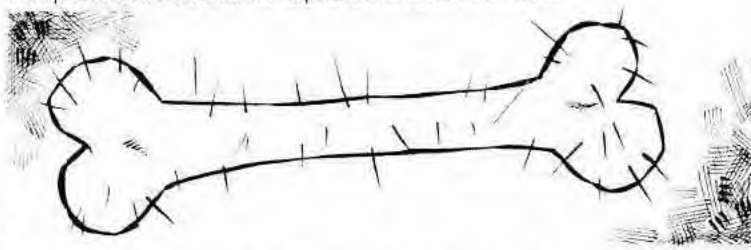
Patient H2-0 today.



Patient K9 suffered from depression because she could not achieve success in showbiz.



Acupuncture needles were placed on all her bones.



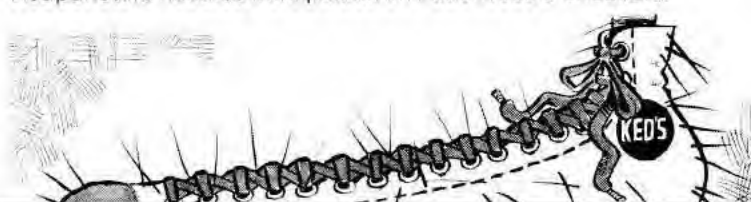
Patient K9 today is the most successful dog in showbiz.



Patient 999 suffered from growing pains.



Acupuncture needles were placed on Patient 999's sneakers.



Patient 999 today.



REAL AD



**FRANKENSTEIN'S
MONSTER MASK.**

\$3.00
Ea.

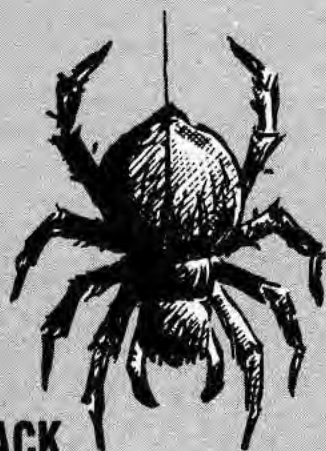
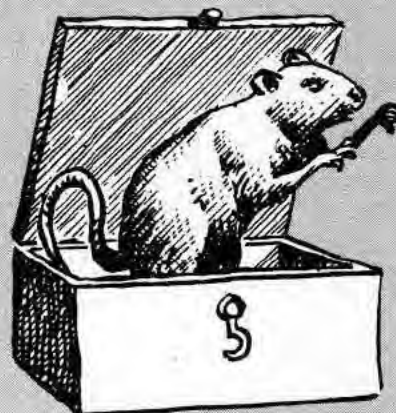
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RAT IN THE BOX.

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**BLACK
WIDOW SPIDER.**

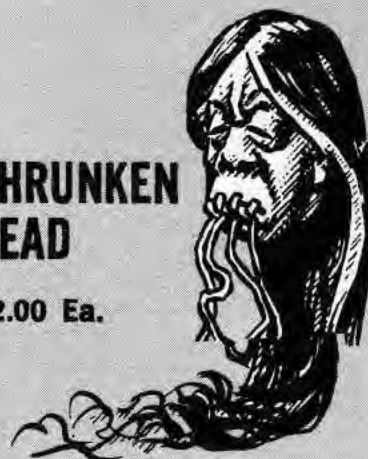
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SHRUNKEN HEAD

\$2.00 Ea.



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MONSTER
- ☐ BLACK WIDOW SPIDER
- ☐ HORRIBLE HANDS
- ☐ SHRUNKEN HEAD
- ☐ RAT IN BOX
- ☐ FRANTIC FEET

Every summer during July and August, millions of children are sent to day camps throughout the country. And is it so little Philip can become a better ball player or so little Angela can learn how to make stained glass? Far from it! It's really so big Mommy and Daddy can be rid of the brats and get in some golf! And what are these two-month babysitters like? Well, you'll soon find out as

CRACKED interviews the CAMP KING



Hi! Nanny Dickering for CRACKED Magazine again and this month I'm in the great outdoors interviewing Mr. Nathan Campfire, owner of the Woodcrest Country Day Camp.

Let me start off very bluntly, Mr. Campfire... I've heard that you treat your campers around here like cattle!

That's untrue! Why this camp is really a country club for little people.

How much does it cost to send a child here for the season?

Oh, around \$400 a head!

Shall we take a tour of the grounds?

That's what I'm here for, Mr. Campfire.

Please, call me Nathan.

Is that what your campers and counselors call you?

Among other things!

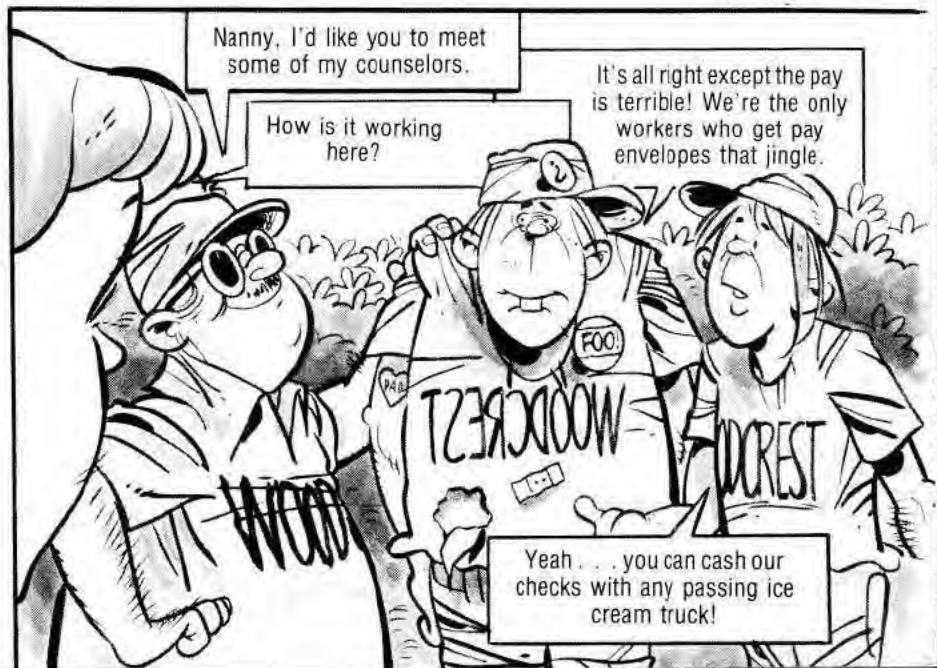
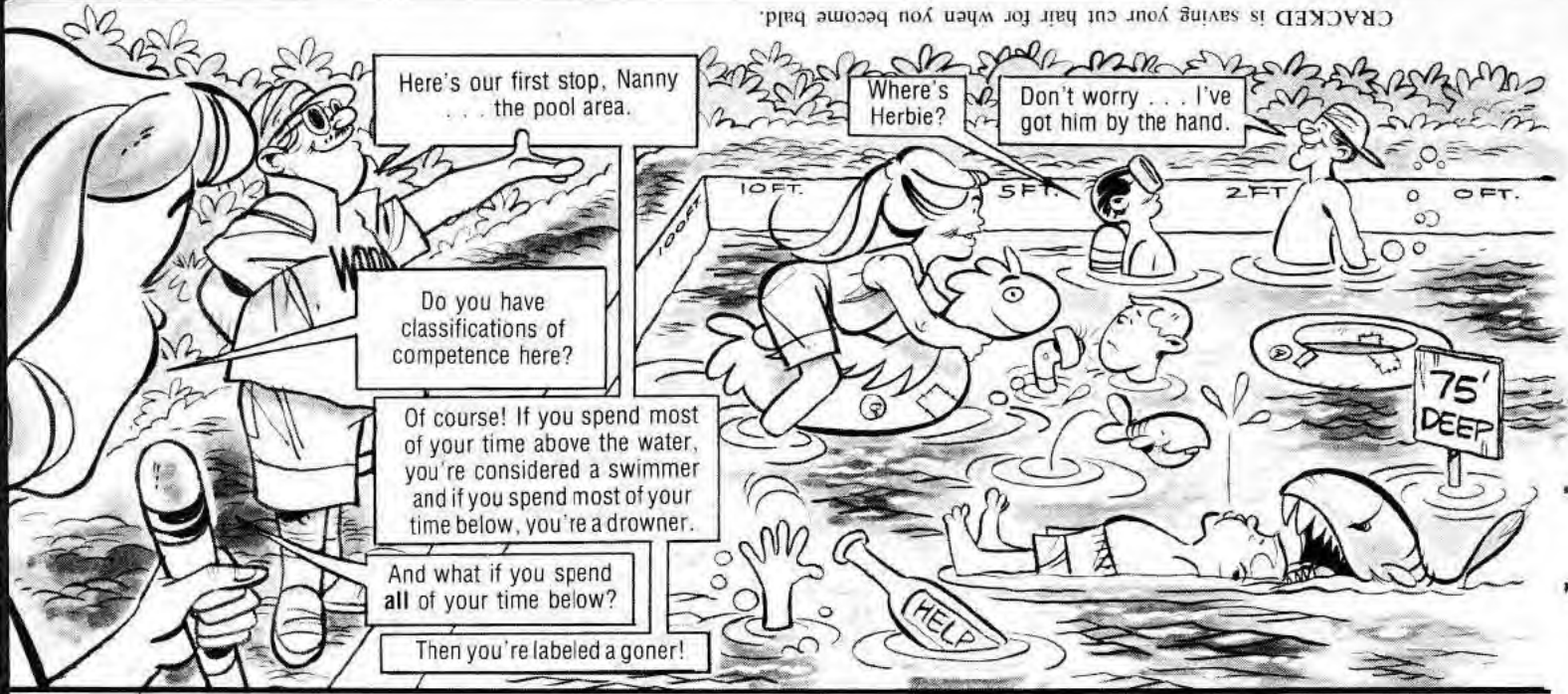
NATHAN IS A NINNY

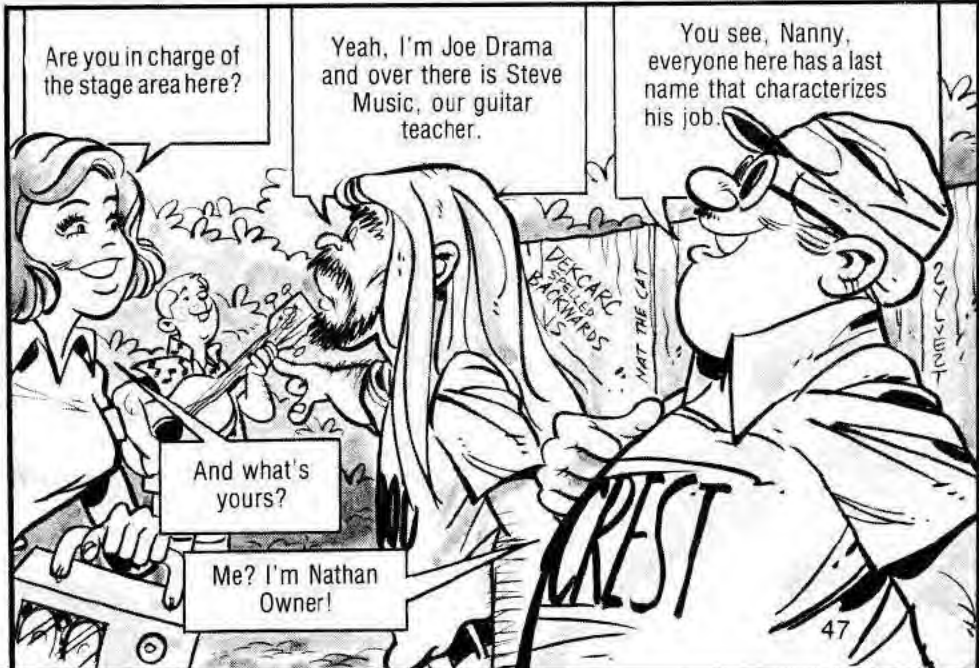
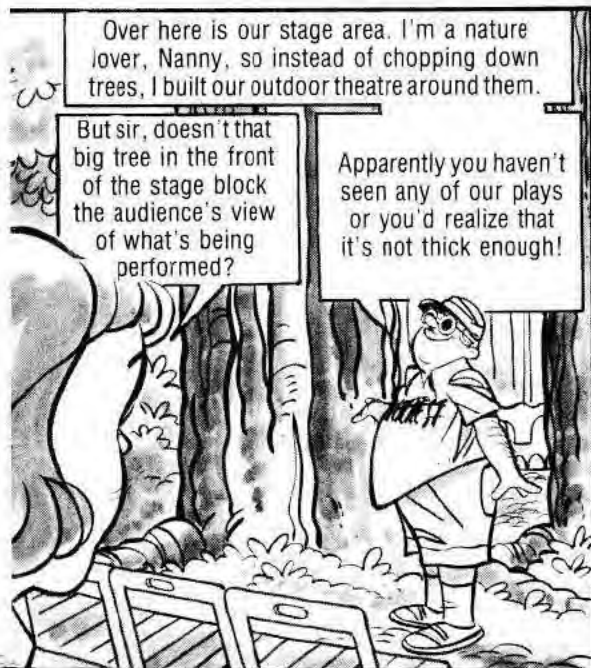
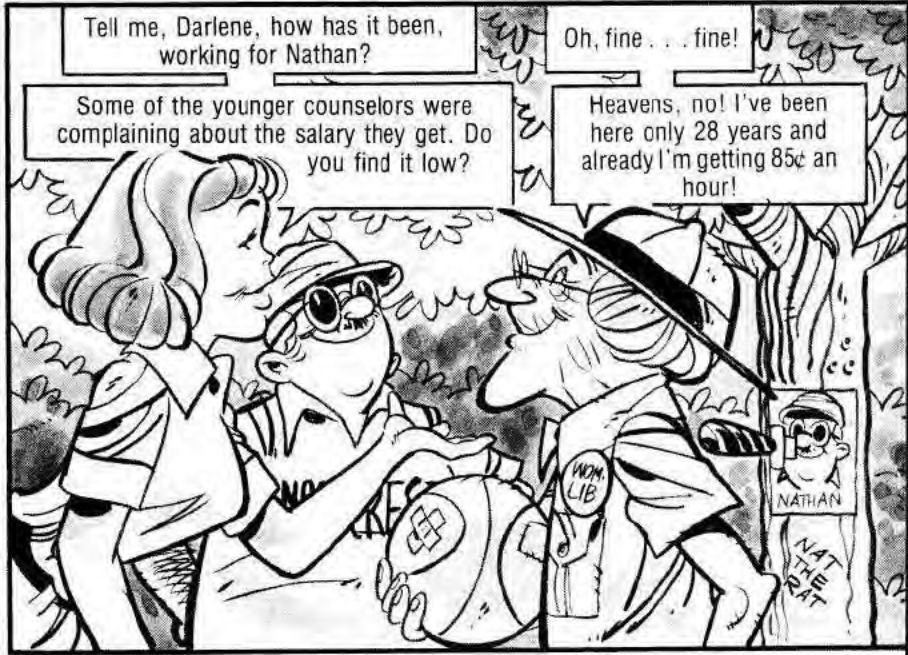
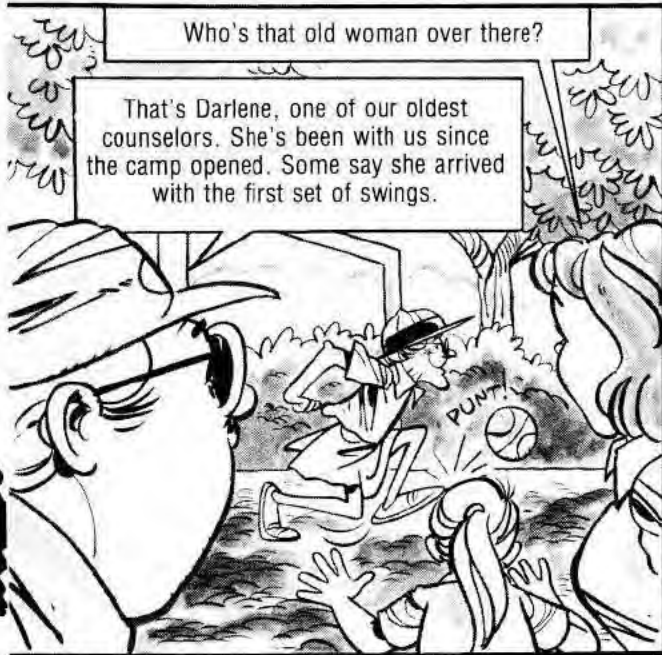
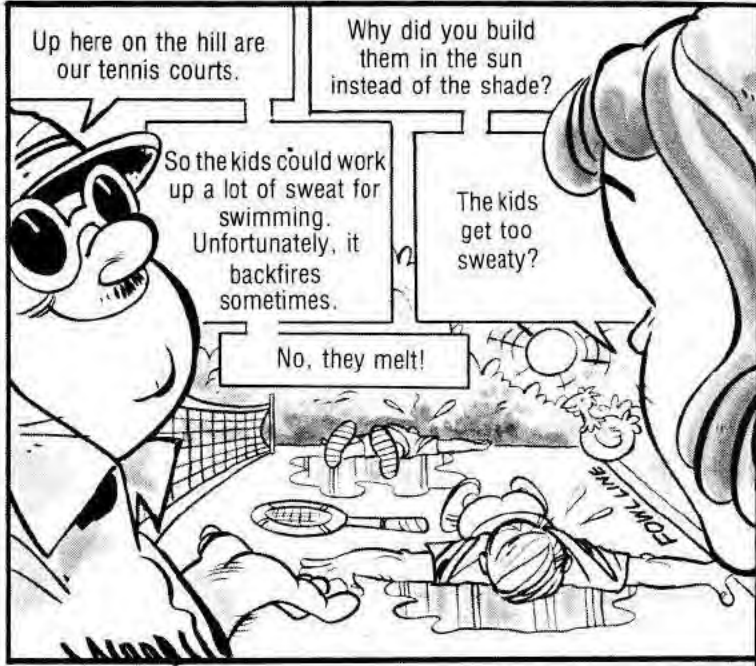
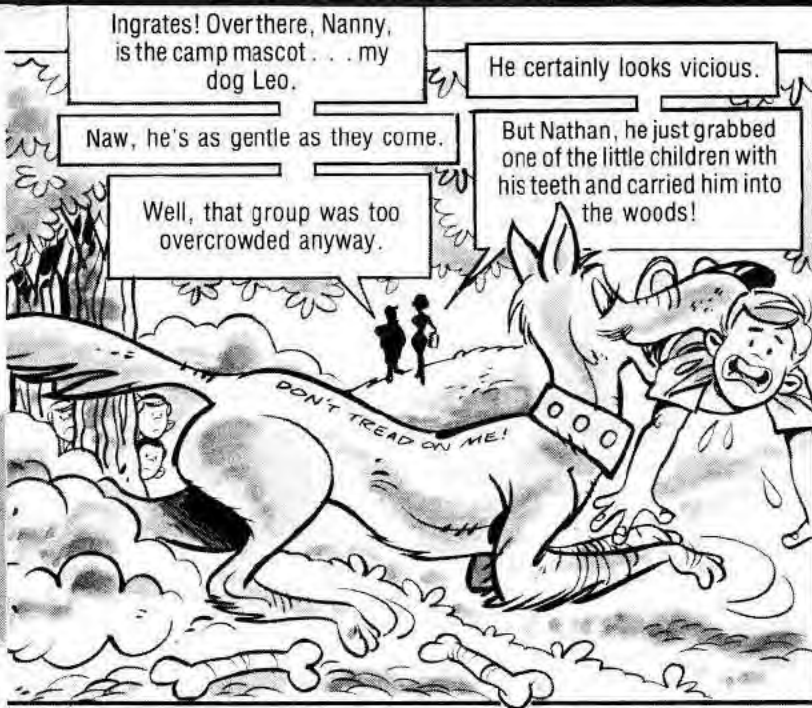
EL CHAPO LIVES

As we start out, you might take note of the buses pulling in behind you. Since this is a day camp, the children are picked up each morning and we find the bus a great place for the little buggers to get to know one another.

I can see that!





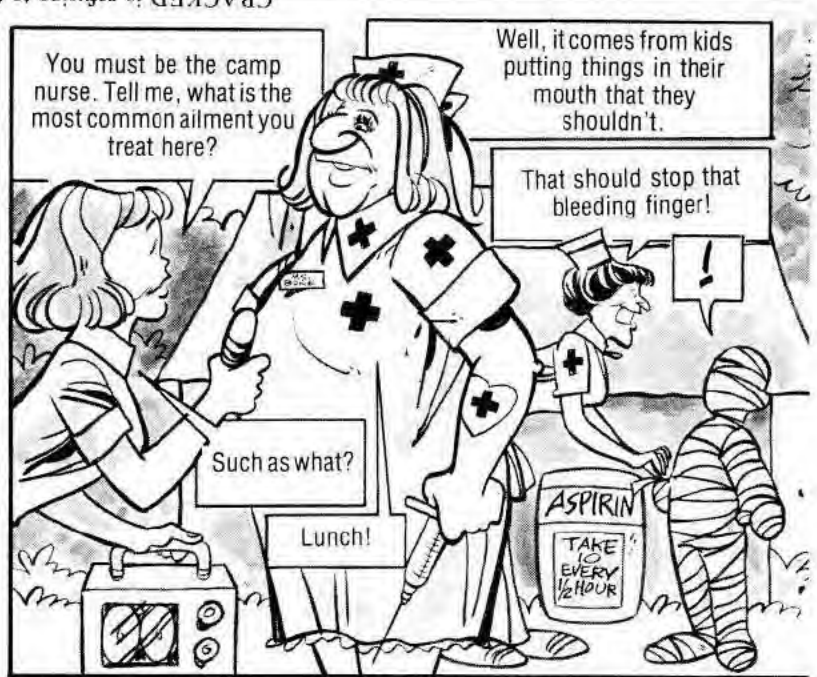




And this is Billy Pleyer, one of the best counselors from our younger groups.

Mr. Pleyer, I heard that you took your group on a hike this morning and lost all of them in the woods except for that little boy. Could you explain this?

Yes, I can. He kept following me back. He wouldn't stay with the rest of the group!



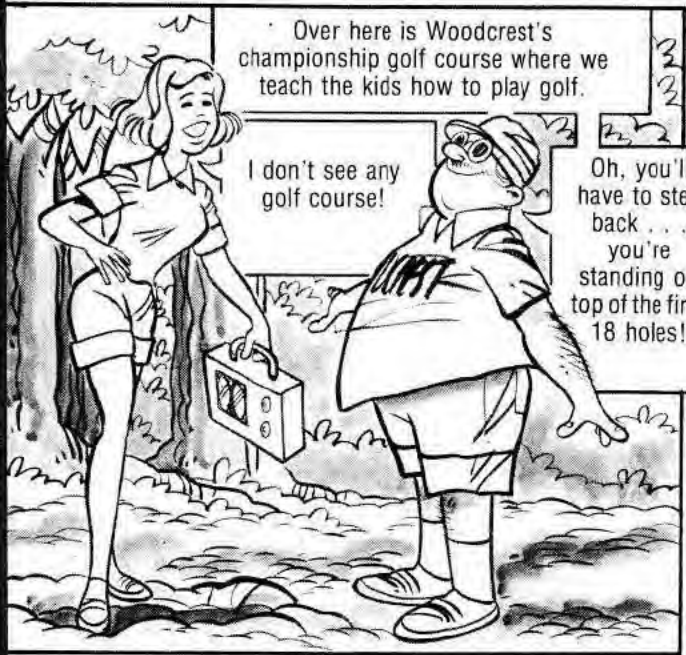
You must be the camp nurse. Tell me, what is the most common ailment you treat here?

Well, it comes from kids putting things in their mouth that they shouldn't.

That should stop that bleeding finger!

Such as what?

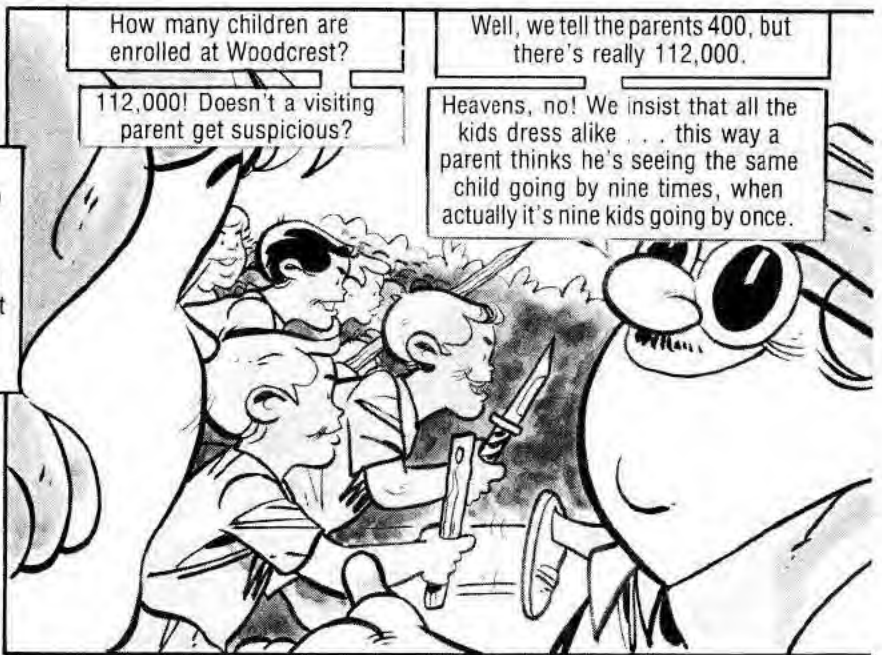
Lunch!



Over here is Woodcrest's championship golf course where we teach the kids how to play golf.

I don't see any golf course!

Oh, you'll have to step back . . . you're standing on top of the first 18 holes!



How many children are enrolled at Woodcrest?

Well, we tell the parents 400, but there's really 112,000.

112,000! Doesn't a visiting parent get suspicious?

Heavens, no! We insist that all the kids dress alike . . . this way a parent thinks he's seeing the same child going by nine times, when actually it's nine kids going by once.



And here, Nanny, is Wanda Two-step, our dance teacher.

I noticed that you were teaching those 6th grade boys the African Dance of Death. How does it go?

Two boys face each other with unsheathed swords and swing.

Why, someone could get hurt.

Oh, no! Killed, yes . . . but hurt, no!!



What happens when it rains around here?

One game in six hours? Why so little?

We send the kids out to a bowling alley. In the six hours they're there, each get to bowl nearly one whole game.

Well, there's 103 kids per alley and for some reason, it seems to slow down the game.

Now, the building ahead of you is our Arts and Crafts shack. Last year we had a very close staff up here.

They liked one another that much?

Oh, they hated each other! But they became very close during the third week when a pail of paste dropped, glueing them all together.

Oh gosh, Nanny! It's nearly 4 o'clock... time for dismissal. If you'll excuse me one moment, we'll continue after I wave goodbye to each bus. It adds to that personal touch... and also gives me a chance to flirt with the female counselors.

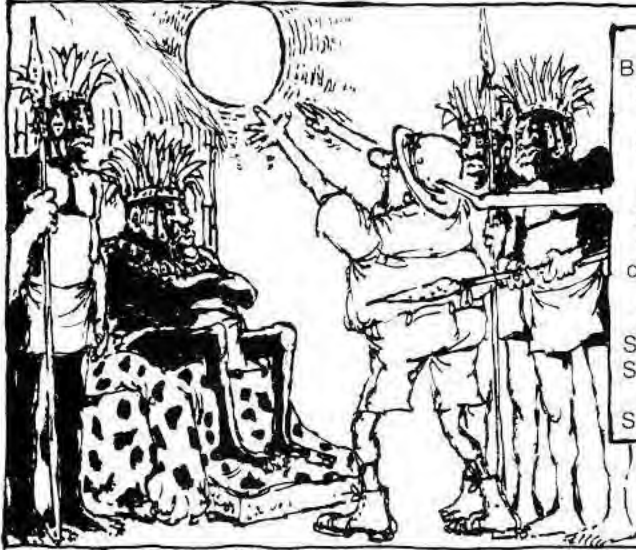
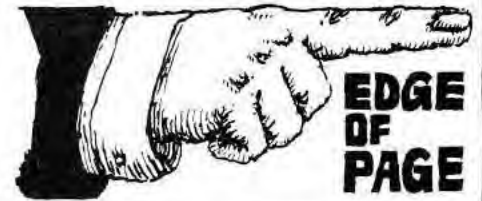
Bye, you little buggers!

Oh my! Well, I guess that concludes this month's interview. As you can see, Mr. Campfire got a little carried away with his work. Ha! Ha! Yes! Anyway... this is Nanny Dickering, switching you back to CRACKED!

So long, kiddies!

CRACKED NAG

SHUT-UPS



Behold my power, Chief! Observe my magic and take heed! Oh, Great Ball of Flame . . . Oh, Fiery Sphere in the Heavens! I command you to darken, Sha-llala-moo, SHA-LLALA-KOO, SHA-LLALA-POO! SHA-LLALA-POO!!



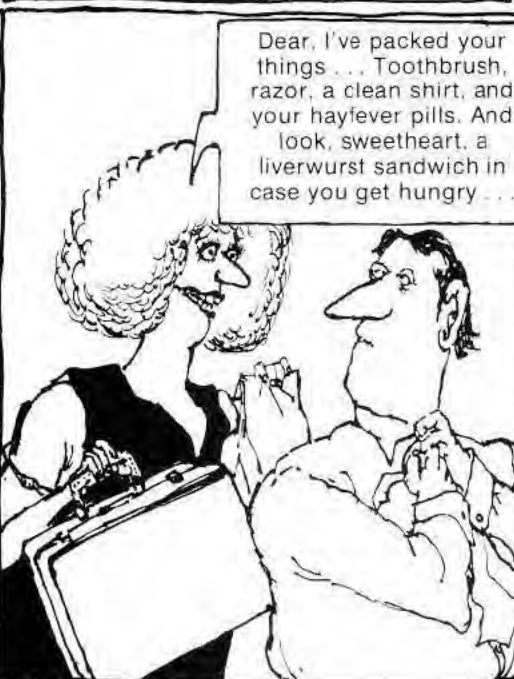
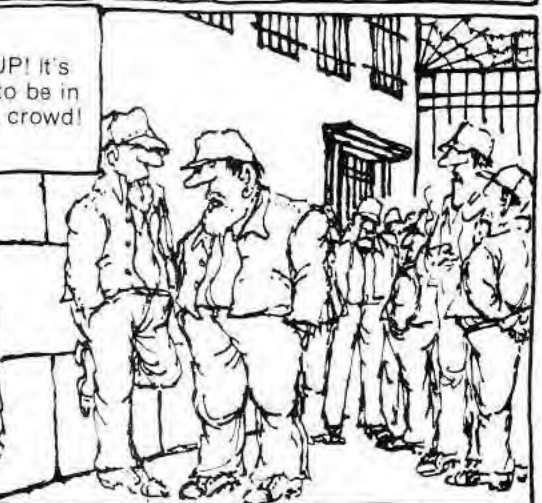
SHUT-UP with all that gobbledegook! We know there's an ECLIPSE of the SUN this afternoon!



Listen to me, Joe. These people are no good! They'll only drag you down! Joe, believe me, you're in with a bad crowd! . . .



SHUT-UP! It's our job to be in with this crowd!



Dear, I've packed your things . . . Toothbrush, razor, a clean shirt, and your hayfever pills. And look, sweetheart, a liverwurst sandwich in case you get hungry . . .



SHUT-UP, ninny! I'm only going over to that net!

no signature this month

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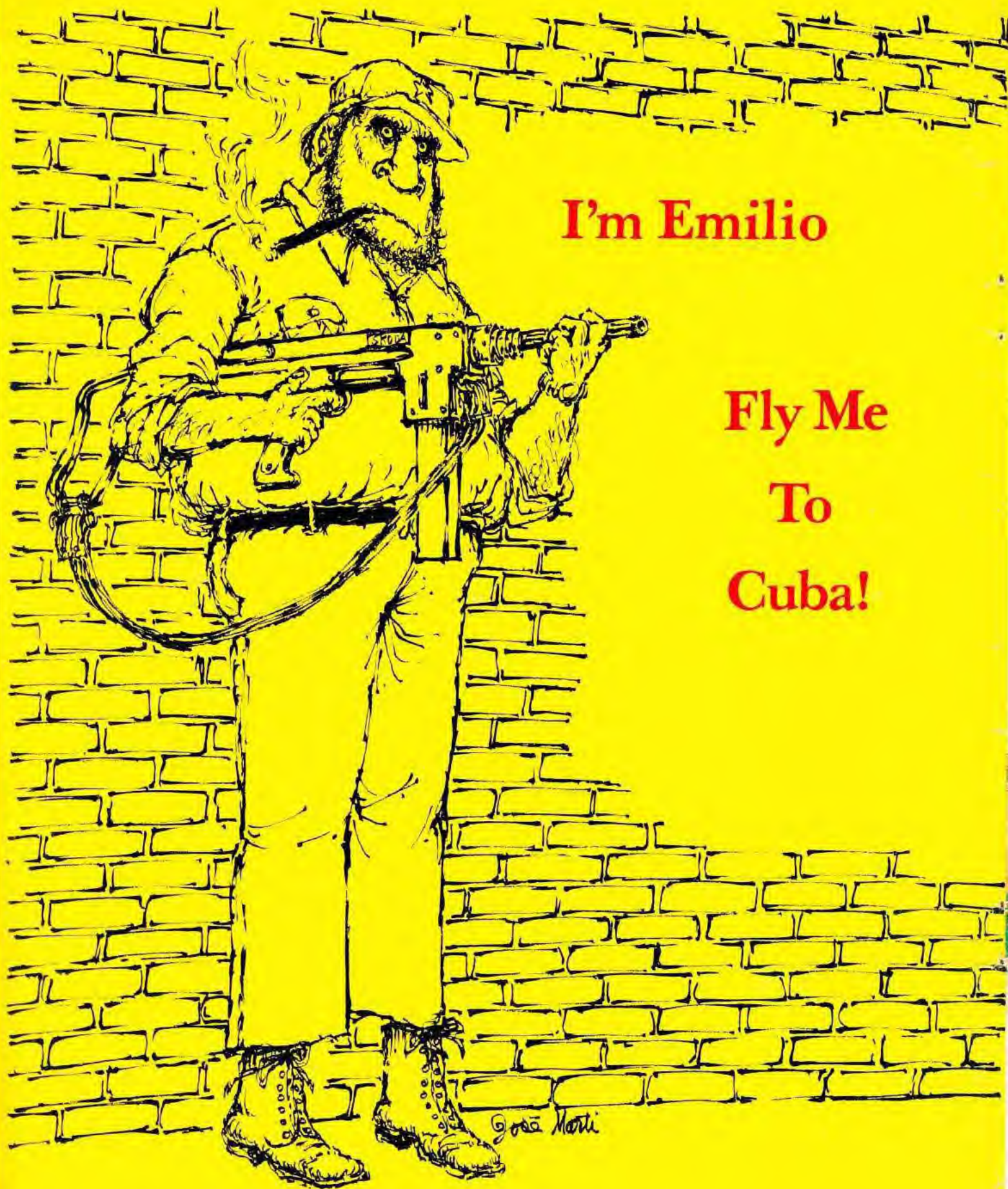
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SHORT
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I'm Emilio

**Fly Me
To
Cuba!**